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MUSICAL MEMORIES

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BY

A. M. DIEHL

(ALICE MANGOLD)



LONDON

RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON

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Dedicated

TO

MUSICAL ASPIRANTS, ARTISTS AND
AMATEURS.



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MUSICAL MEMORIES.

CHAPTER I.

Paris in the early sixties—The Conservatoire: its organization, etc.—The Padeloup concerts—The various *sociétés* for chamber music—Concert-rooms—The establishment of Pleyel—The Pleyel pianofortes—Messrs. Erard's warehouse—Sebastian Erard—Madame Erard—Her circle—Madame de Spontini—Ernst Lubeck—François Planté—Evening with Madame Erard in the Rue du Mail—Theodore Ritter—Hans Seeling—Vincent Adler—Tragic end of Lubeck—Death and its ravages.

MOST lives, however ordinary, have their chrysalis and butterfly stages. Perhaps it would be more to the purpose to say that we can all compare certain scenes in our lives with those in some pantomime, when, after the darksome

shades of some gloomy cave, there is suddenly brightness, life, animation.

To a young artist, toiling for years shut up in a London room alone with an instrument, practising hour after hour, day after day, without intermission—to *débûter* in the then gayest capital of the world was truly a transformation scene.

Leaving London in the grip of a black frost, and swathed in the most gruesome of yellow-black fogs, we journeyed to Newhaven, and crossed the Channel one January night in the early sixties, to awaken in bright sunshine at Dieppe. Blackness and smoke were left behind us in murky London. Here all was white or gay colouring in the brilliant sunlight: the blue blouses of porters, the red and blue uniforms of the gendarmes, the various tints of the houses, were patches enlivening the glistening frost which lay thick on ground and trees. Then into the train—and a journey through a glittering white fairyland of frosted poplar-trees in straight rows dividing the frozen fields; then Paris and its myriads of lights.

Imperial Paris, seen next day in the glare of a winter sun, was truly a brilliant city. It had the air of being perpetually *en fête*. Work proceeded briskly enough : great white mansions were building, the busy workmen swarming up the ladders and about the unfinished piles of masonry ; and the streets were alive with busy people, blue-bloused men and white-capped women. But they bore their burdens and hurried on their errands gaily, and sang and shouted as if this were some huge mid-winter fair. Then display, luxury, reigned everywhere. Richly-dressed women drove in the well-appointed carriages, with their men-servants swathed in furs. The shops were gorgeous exhibitions of *articles de luxe*. Sounds of martial music were audible as one drove along the boulevards or into the Champs Élysées. Now and then detachments of soldiers were to be met, their uniforms spick and span, their horses groomed to perfection. In this, the last decade of the Empire, no sign of an approaching decline and fall was perceptible. No one would have dreamt that this enchanting city was to descend

from her pinnacle of perfection to be less than queen among her compeers.

All was absolute order, for all was immediately under the Imperial thumb; and whatever the rule of the third Napoleon might have been later, it was then to be felt in all branches—in industries, science, as well as in the government of the people and in art.

Music was ruled, perhaps more lightly and under the surface—but still ruled—by the Imperial sceptre. Each year the Emperor commented upon its progress, and in an address showed how completely *au fait* he was with what had been, what was, and what was contemplated for the future. He was interested, paternal, and, above all, well-informed. Each year he bestowed decorations or distinctions upon a score or more of musicians. That which impressed the neophyte was the completeness of the musical organization of the city.

Firstly, there was the renowned Conservatoire, like some gigantic ship to carry students to their desired land of perfection—manned almost entirely by Frenchmen, as a national school

should be manned by native talent. But the list of professors contained numbers of names known to music students throughout the world. With Auber, the veteran composer—almost an octogenarian—at its head, such names occur amongst the list of vocal, instrumental or theoretic professors as Marmontel, Le Couppey, Wekerlin, Alard, Dancla, Massart, Padeloup, Duvernoy, Clapisson, Révial, Carafa, and others too numerous to mention. Eight concerts were regularly given on Sundays during the season, with two *extraordinaires*. The programmes were classical to a fault; Beethoven—at that time elected musical god for the worship of the faithful—predominating, but Mozart, Handel, and Haydn receiving lesser honours, and Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, Spontini, Rossini, Weber, and others, figuring regularly in the musical *menus*.

Popular classical concerts were just started by M. Padeloup, and were thronged by an eager public. In these the rigid classical rule in force at the Conservatoire was so far relaxed as to admit the works of Schumann, Gounod,

Adam, Franz Lachner, Nicolai, and others. Occasional Beethoven and Mendelssohn festivals were also given.

These orchestral concerts were supplemented by several *sociétés*, established to give concerts of chamber music. Perhaps the head of these was that instituted by the violinist, Monsieur Alard, and the violoncellist, Monsieur Franchomme, who, together with the gifted young pianist François Planté, and others, gave five or six concerts during the season. The Société Armingaud et Jacquard had as coadjutor the pianist Ernst Lubeck, and the third and oldest established, the Société Maurin et Chevillard, enjoyed an unvarying *clientèle*, in spite of rivals.

At these quartett meetings, as we might term them, classical music was the almost unvarying rule, the beloved Beethoven being the composer most often played. The favourite quartett was Op. 59 in F, and the trio most looked for was that in G (Op. 9).

These were the days when Gounod had not yet electrified the musical world with his 'Faust,' and Richard Wagner was an unknown

quantity. In that last era of the Third Empire there was a curious passion for the older and more formal musical works ; and in the light of subsequent events, the Parisian thirst then for Beethoven—the Dutch genius claimed by the Germans as their very own—is a somewhat peculiar coincidence.

These were the ‘home teams’ of artists ; but each season brought troops of travelling *virtuosi*, who gave concerts or *séances* in one or other of the four *salles*—the Salle Herz, or the Tivoli, or the Salle Erard (belonging to the celebrated firm of pianoforte-makers), or the Salle Pleyel-Wolff which was lent to artists by the Pleyel firm, beloved of Chopin.

Paris in the sixties was generally visited by the comets among the artists before they proceeded to London, which was then, as it is now, their El Dorado—the spot where they would be sure to recoup their losses elsewhere or refill empty pockets. In Paris there was perhaps more κῦδος than gold. But the atmosphere was exhilarating. The French public, if capricious, was passionate. It loaded a favourite with

applause ; it was lavish to extravagance when its sympathies were touched.

‘ You must go to Paris,’ was the advice of the autocrat of chamber music in London, the little gentleman who would have seemed like Punch *redivivus*, if only he had possessed a hump and a screech—‘ Professor’ John Ella. ‘ You cannot come out *here* without credentials. You must go to Paris.’

Awakening in the strange, beautiful city—our stock-in-trade a bundle of letters of introduction—the first step was to obtain a piano. Accordingly, we drove to the Pleyel establishment, Pleyel being the French firm for English Broadwood - players. It was a fine place—warmed to an intense heat, thickly carpeted, solidly furnished, and a wilderness of handsome instruments.

Most pianists who have not already played upon the pianos which were Chopin’s favourites would naturally be interested in making their acquaintance. On this occasion the tyro who was to be first heard in public on one of the renowned instruments was charmed with their

pure, resonant tone, but found the remarkable elasticity of their touch greatly unsuited to the arbitrary method of tone-production which is a characteristic of the 'Henselt school.'

The Pleyel touch, indeed, was totally unlike that of Broadwood, with its plastic depth—and the poor neophyte felt herself nonplussed.

'These instruments are not at all like the Broadwood pianos,' was her remark to the gentleman who replaced the absent principals, but who seemed as enamoured of his charges as even they could have been.

He bridled with pride and satisfaction. 'They are not. They are unlike all other pianos in the world,' he said, bubbling over with self-gratulation. 'The beloved and regretted composer Chopin said their equal did not exist.'

Crushed, we chose a small grand piano, and drove gloomily back to the pleasant little hotel in the Rue Notre Dame de Lorette, recommended by Mr. Ella, who invariably occupied rooms in its *rez-de-chaussée* during his frequent visits to Paris.

‘Perhaps a few hours’ practice will put everything right,’ said my companion consolingly.

But it did not. A couple of days merely strengthened the antagonism between player and instrument. There was nothing to do but to confess one’s self utterly unable to follow, however distantly, in Chopin’s footsteps—and to seek the *Maison Erard*.

‘Erard’ is a household word wherever music lives in the wide world. No pianist has ever failed to recognize the perfection of the instruments which are stocked in those palatial buildings in the Rue du Mail, Paris.

The Erard pianoforte was invented by Sebastian Erard, a young man with a genius for mechanics, who first saw the light in 1752. His professor in mechanics told him he was ‘a born genius.’ But it did not occur to him to make use of that inventive genius in the matter of pianofortes until induced to do so by his patroness—a musical amateur—the Duchesse de Villeroy. Then he put his hand to the work, and did it with all his might. His first essay in pianos was tried by a number of dis-

tinguished artists in the presence of equally distinguished amateurs in the Duchesse's *salon*, and 'produced the most vivid impression.' There was no halting midway of the Erard pianoforte. It came, was seen, and conquered.

Sebastian died in 1831. The house was represented in 1861 by the widow of that nephew Pierre, who, after living much in England, died at his country-house, the celebrated Château de la Muette, at Passy, in 1855.

During the greater part of the season Madame Erard lived in her apartments in the Rue du Mail.

Arriving at the great establishment, our *voiture de remise* drove under the *porte-cochère* into a quadrangle, around which were the high buildings occupied principally by the instruments, and we alighted at the door, the public entrance to the office, on the right.

Here, although the bearers of a merely nominal introduction, we were welcomed warmly by the manager, an energetic old gentleman with somewhat weak eyes and a skull-cap. An English *débutante*, wishing to give a *matinée*

d'invitation. Most interesting! Every facility would be afforded to mademoiselle. Would madame and mademoiselle give themselves the trouble of viewing the *salon*, which would be placed at their disposal for the concert?

We followed—through big rooms which seemed all windows, rooms full of grand pianos; across a fine marble hall, into the concert-room—a long *salon* all white and gilding, with an elegantly decorated platform opposite the entrance. It was furnished with rows of comfortable fauteuils upholstered in crimson velvet.

An evening was fixed for the concert, and we drove off on a business expedition, calling on artists, at the printers', etc. In spite of the air of *dolce far niente*, there was no difficulty in the arrangement of business with the Parisians. Everyone seemed ready, on the alert, 'all there.' On our return to the hotel, an Erard piano occupied a conspicuous place in our sitting-room.

Two days later, visiting the establishment on minor affairs, we were introduced to the acting representative of Madame Erard—her

brother-in-law, Monsieur Schaeffer, a tall man, middle-aged, with a grave, kindly face and a serious, interested manner.

‘Madame Erard wishes to make your acquaintance,’ he informed us, and presently conducted us, staid but courtly, through the marble hall, up a wide marble, softly-carpeted staircase into a beautiful suite of choicely-furnished, lofty rooms, in the smaller drawing-room of which a delicate little lady of a certain age, dressed in silk, with a rich lace cap on her still golden-brown hair, sat at work.

Her welcome was both warm and gentle. She knew of Adolphe Henselt, the great pianist, although she had never succeeded in hearing him play. It was pleasing to her to know his pupil, who was, also, an Englishwoman. She hoped she would make herself perfectly at home in the house, and when she was to be left alone, although with friends, that she would consider her her deputy-mother.

From that moment the charming little lady was as good as her word, and for more than two months the young English stranger was with

her, and with the handsome, dark-eyed matron her sister, Madame Schaeffer, nearly every day, and the whole of Sunday, enjoying the bright companionship of the sweet young Mademoiselle Marie, the Schaeffers' only daughter and the favourite niece of her aunt—a dark, handsome girl with soft black eyes.

Sunday, as usual in Paris, was *the* day in the *famille Erard*. Madame received. At the dinner-table covers were laid for those among the resident or travelling pianists who were privileged to come and go as they pleased. There were some *habitués* who generally appeared. One was Madame de Spontini, a picturesque old lady, who invariably wore a reticule with a bonbonnière and vinaigrette among its contents, and carried a fan in her trembling, jewelled fingers. She was the widow of the composer, and, in spite of her old age, loved to talk of music and musicians of the past, and was actively interested in all that took place in the present.

Another was Ernst Lubeck, the Dutch pianist, a big, burly man with a curious artistic face, a

round head, and prominent, sea-green eyes. He was a sound musician, a fine player, a passionate Beethovenite ; Berlioz spoke of his *technique* as 'prodigious.' But his success with his *clientèle* of pupils and hosts of friends was quite as much due to his personality as to his talent. Lubeck was a man overflowing with sympathetic kindness ; his prevailing characteristic, indeed, being a forgetfulness of self-interest, which was rare as it was admirable.

François Planté, then a slim, somewhat melancholy-looking youth, reserved, yet mild and modest, was another frequent visitor. His playing was of a most delicate and ethereal type, his touch bell-like and soft. Mozart, interpreted by him, was Mozart newly revealed. He was sensitive to a fault. Later in his career he took umbrage at the conduct of an audience who talked persistently while he played ; after the performance he packed up his belongings, returned to his native place in the Pyrenees, and remained in obscurity for the next ten years—either shutting himself up to study and to meditate, or travelling in semi-incognito to other countries to

hear other pianists and acquaint himself with their styles.

These two pianists—one the pianist of the Alard and Franchomme *séances*, the other (Lubeck) attached to those of Armingaud and Jacquard—rivals, in fact—were really and truly allies. They were among the intimates at Madame Erard's dinner-table. In the evening would arrive ladies—personal friends—and the 'outer circle' of artists, mostly pianists. While the men talked and smoked over their *café noir* and liqueur in the dining-room, the ladies would form a picturesque group around Madame Erard in her stately, dimly-lit bedchamber, where the big bed with its fine tapestries loomed in the shadow, and a solemn portrait of the deceased Pierre Erard seemed to gaze down upon the ladies, sipping their *thé à l'Anglaise* or *eau sucré*, and prattling of their directors or their babies. Presently there would be a gradual drifting of the guests to the central drawing-room, which was more brilliantly lighted, and where the brocaded fauteuils were placed in one or more rows around the full-

sized grand piano, which was drawn into the centre of the room. Then the evening's music would begin ; the various pianists present would vie with each other in the display of their different styles.

One evening is particularly present in the mind of the writer. Lubeck, as the home pianist—the adopted musical son of the house—began the performance, playing the principal part of the sonata of Beethoven in E flat (Op. 29 or 31). Invariably, in spite of his robust physique and his acknowledged merit, he suffered from nervousness to a remarkable degree. Even when playing to a few accustomed auditors, Lubeck's bronzed countenance paled to lividity, his prominent eyes acquired a stare of intense anxiety. But his playing remained unaffected thereby. On this particular occasion a new rival was present, Theodore Ritter ; but his rendering of this particular sonata, of which he gave a most remarkable and delightful reading, was never better, perhaps had never been so perfect.

Next came Ritter, as the lion of the occasion. His contribution was also classical in the

extreme. But, finished as his style was, pure as was his tone, there was a certain coldness and seeming calculation which counterbalanced his undeniable gifts. If memory does not deceive, this lack of 'abandon,' this 'reserved force,' hindered the supremacy of a remarkable career, or that which might otherwise have been so.

While these two pianists had been playing, a tall, emaciated, white-faced man had listened quietly in the shade, leaning against the mantel-piece. This was a Bohemian pianist, by name Hans Seeling, who, after a residence in the East, —then, for his health, in the Southern Tyrol— had returned to Paris, attracted as the moth to the flame, for a glance at his attenuated frame told of his temerity in braving a Northern winter. He was asked to play.

He gave a composition of his own, an Eastern reminiscence. It was a striking *morçeau*. The calm Oriental sounds, the tinkling of bells, the murmur of chanted prayers, the languid march in a scorching land—all were given with a subtle, suggestive charm, which reduced the listeners to a somewhat mournful mood.

He was so fragile, this ghost of a man, who had an indefinable touch of a very living genius!

A sigh of almost relief might have been heard as he slowly stretched his long body upwards from the music-stool, and received the congratulations of his hearers on the charm of his composition and his interpretation of his work.

It was cheering to see a healthy, brisk, and thriving man assume the vacated seat at the piano. The new-comer was a German *virtuoso*, Vincent Adler, whose tone was rich and full, whose style was one which might be termed sympathetic for lack of a more apposite term; in any case it fitted its subject, whether grave or gay. Herr Adler played two or three brief *morçeaux*, one—his own ‘Styrienne,’ a delightful suggestion of a provincial rustic dance, with zither accompaniment—a gem. It was hard for a neophyte to be called upon to be the exponent of her master—a great master—after such successive displays: and in fear and trembling the poor little *fauvette intimidée*, as Berlioz play-

fully called her, took her seat at the piano, but poorly consoled after her penance on the music-stool by the warm encouragement which is so generously given to the honest aspirants by the past-masters of the craft.

This memorable evening was more than thirty years ago, and of those who were its principals, how few remain !

Ernst Lubeck, then strong, overflowing with energy, untiring in his *bonhomie*, had a tragic end.

The catastrophe, the rending in pieces of the city of his adoption, unsettled his brain. Shortly after Paris had partially recovered from the scenes enacted during the siege and the Commune, he once more played in public. Nothing had been noticed to excite alarm in his demeanour until after the concert, when he suddenly became so violently excited—stating that he had not been sufficiently applauded, and that the cause of this was his German name—that it became evident that for the present he was insane. His devoted wife (formerly Mademoiselle de Plantis, the daughter of the Marquis de Plantis, who practised as a physician) nursed

him, with the assistance of her relatives—nursed him, if in fear and trembling, yet with hope. But as time went on, hope gave way to dismal foreboding. Lubeck was undoubtedly mad, and had to be strictly watched. Thus matters went on until the Marquis, his father-in-law, died in 1876. During the subsequent grief of the family vigilance was relaxed, and one day in September, 1876, he escaped, and, wandering in the Bois de Boulogne, entered a restaurant and ordered dinner.

So far, so good. But when pay-time came, poor Lubeck had no money in his pocket, and no sense to explain his identity. He obstinately refused his name and address, and, evidently unsuspecting that he had to deal with a lunatic, the *restaurateur* gave him into custody. He was marched from police-station to police-station throughout the night, and was only traced by his terrified relatives next day. Excitement and rough treatment hastened the progress of his brain disease. It assumed an acute form, and in a few days he expired.

Hans Seeling died in his native city of

Prague in 1862; and Vincent Adler, in such seemingly robust health on the occasion mentioned, only lived till 1871.

And the queen of her circle, the charming little *chatelaine* of the Rue du Mail—she also has passed into her well-earned rest, doubtless with her generous little hands folded upon her favourite rosary, and her crucifix laid over her pious, tender heart. May her sweet, gentle soul rest in the peace she would have given to all, had it been in her power to bestow it!

CHAPTER II.

Chopin's pupils—Monsieur Teleffsen—The Princess Czartoryska at home—Monsieur Fontana—Biography in brief of Frédéric Chopin—His career as an artist—Matrimonial engagement—Meeting with Madame Dudevant (George Sand)—Failure of health—Visit to Majorca—Rupture with George Sand—Visit to England—Personal reminiscences of Chopin during his visit to London, communicated by Mr. A. J. Hipkins, F.S.A., etc.—Miss Stirling—Her part in Chopin's last illness—Story of the bank-notes—His death—Funeral as related by an eye-witness—Miss Stirling's Chopin museum—Fate of the relics—His compositions—His pupil Filtsch.

IN the prevailing tendency to Beethoven-worship, it is scarcely remarkable that lesser lights in the world of musical composition were temporarily obscured in those days in Paris.

Still, that which may be termed the Chopin *coterie*, the circle of pupils and admirers of the

Polish genius, remained as enthusiastically his adorers then—when he had been some twelve years in his grave in the so-called Poets' Corner in Père la Chaise, near to Cherubini, Bellini, Boïeldieu, Grétry, and others—as in the heyday of his more universal popularity.

We first crept within the charmed circle when, one afternoon shortly after the delivery of certain letters of introduction, the rosy-cheeked *garçon*, a rustic to whom we were evidently an insoluble problem, popped his head into the room and announced that 'un monsieur' demanded to see the ladies.

The head popped back, the door opened, and a curious-looking black-clad gentleman entered, and somewhat austereily announcing himself as the Monsieur Teleffsen—the favourite pupil of Chopin—to whom we had been recommended, accepted a chair, and seemed ready to be friendly in a chilly, ceremonious way.

He was scarcely prepossessing at first sight : very pale, with golden-red, gray-besprinkled hair, and his small light eyes somewhat fierce and suspicious under his fair eyelashes. But as

we knew him better, his almost captious absorption in his late beloved master—that devouring devotion to his memory which characterized everyone of those who had known Chopin—lent him a charm and interest which, clever artist and composer as he was, might otherwise have been lacking to his personality.

He told us some details of himself—that he was a Norwegian of nearly forty years old, that his first inclinations had been in the direction of the priesthood, and that music had conquered; but he speedily relapsed into the topic of topics—the Master's personality, the Master's compositions.

It was later that the story of his being magnetized by the great artist's genius came to our knowledge: how, one day, passing through a street in Stockholm, he heard some extraordinary music being played. He stopped, listened, and was so violently affected that there and then he knocked at the house door, and dared so far as to ask the name of the composer of the astounding composition. As soon as he learnt that it was the work of a 'young Polish

composer resident in Paris,' he made up his mind that his pupil he must be. But he was poor! It mattered not. He persevered, worked, saved and scraped—and not only became Chopin's pupil and intimate friend, but lived many years after his death in Paris to perpetuate his memory.

On another occasion he played to us—charmingly, with considerable finish and grace of execution. But his talent was scarcely so Chopinesque as that of Chopin's favourite amateur pupil, the Princess Czartoryska, relative of his patron, the Prince Czartoryski.

This lady resided at the time of our visit in a fine *hôtel* in one of the fashionable avenues. A splendid mansion from without, it was quite a palace within. A magnificent staircase led to the reception-rooms, which were lavishly furnished. The principal *salon* was decorated in white; a thick white pile carpet softened the footsteps; the gilt chairs and sofas were covered with richly-embroidered white satin. A fitting temple for the memory of a being who loved refinement and delicacy as he loved the violet

and its perfume ; and memorials of the dead genius were many—his portrait near to the great white Pleyel grand piano, his profile in a medallion, and pictures of scenes connected with his career here, there and everywhere.

But the living memorial was the Princess herself, a slight, spare little creature, with bright, mournful eyes and a certain picturesque grace of movement. At first there was a slight reserve—the reserve of the recluse, rather than anything approaching to hauteur—in her manner. But as soon as she was sure that she was in the presence of Chopin-lovers, the slight cloud passed, and she became genial and communicative.

In this great white *salon* met the friends and former pupils of the master. Here were to be heard his polonaises, mazurkas, nocturnes, sonatas, and those latest and most touching efforts at musical poesy, the preludes. Here his last hours and words were mournfully discussed by those who had seen him die ; and here, it was whispered, had the confused piles

of his manuscripts been sorted, arranged, and prepared for publication or reissue by a select committee of his intimates.

Rumour suggested that of these Monsieur de Fontana—who is credited with the editorship of Chopin's works, but who was scarcely his pupil, hardly his intimate friend—was not one of those who pieced together debatable fragments with excessive caution and loving care. But rumour is not always right, and when a heterogeneous number of friends constitute themselves editors of posthumous works—or works which have not been revised by their author personally—there will be factions, and there must be considerable differences of opinion.

In any case, Madame la Princesse's *salons* were at that time a head centre of Chopin-worship; and here some of his works, notably the polonaises, were played by her with a startling yet most beautiful originality which the auditors who had heard the master himself declared to be the most perfect of all readings of the composer. Here also, on many occasions, tales were told by the Princess and others

of the days which would come no more—stories of Chopin in his habit as he lived.

Many biographies exist of Frédéric Chopin. The Abbé Liszt's romantic pen has run riot on his admired theme. Scenes have been described which are coloured by the honoured Abbé's brilliant imagination. He has thrown together personages who have denied their presence together, as described, at that particular time. George Sand—whose intimacy with Chopin was too bitter to those who were faithful to him unto death, and after it, to be alluded to in conversation—has written of the man who loved her not wisely, but too well, in her novels, and in the confessions she has given to the world under the title of '*Histoire de ma Vie.*' Those who prefer fiction to fact should seek out the details of Chopin as related by Madame Dudevant and Franz Liszt. But more sober truth-lovers must be content with bare facts and with reliable traditions, which do not go very far.

Chopin was the son of a French father, and of a Polish mother who was evidently a God-

fearing woman, and whose influence, obscured at times by baser fascinations, survived to blossom and bear fruit suddenly in his last hours. A delicate, sickly child, he was precocious, clever, sensitive. At nine years of age he began to study music under Zywny, an old Bohemian musician who was devoted to Sebastian Bach. For seven years he remained with Zywny; then his parents, or the Prince Radziwill, sent him to the college in Warsaw. The Princess Czetwertynski was one of his first appreciators: she it was who brought him to the notice of the Polish nobility. When still a youth, he travelled to Dresden and to Prague. In 1829—he was then nineteen, a frail-looking young man with a long, oval face, mild eyes, and a small, effeminate mouth—he took a longer and more important flight: he went to Vienna. Here he appeared at the concert of a Mademoiselle Veltheim, but did not create the furore of later days, although but three months later a German newspaper described him as ‘one of the most remarkable meteors which have shone above the musical horizon.’ He

was like those he considered his countrymen, in his patriotism. The troubles of Poland affected him deeply. His thoughts turned Englandwards, whether for sympathy or as a place of residence is not told. But, journeying towards London, he stayed in Paris. 'And there,' significantly adds his simplest biographer, 'he remained for the rest of his days.'

He was twenty-two when he first played in the Pleyel salons on his beloved Pleyel pianos. The rooms were thronged with artists and amateurs, eager to hear his first concerto and the other pieces chosen. That such original genius should not inflame the imagination of his impressionable audience was impossible. He had a certain success. Still, the critics had exceptions to take. His system of fingering, using the thumb and third finger in a manner hitherto considered unlawful, came in for its share of censure.

But by degrees his supremacy was acknowledged. Paris was to an extent at his feet.

His friends loved him, his pupils adored him, because they valued the fact that one so

great should descend to the drudgery of teaching. Among them, in the earliest days, were Polish princesses and noble ladies. Later, in Paris, their name was legion. His days were days of that which to most musicians is well-nigh unbearable drudgery—teaching, the endeavour to pass on one's hardly-acquired skill to others. Meanwhile, Fortune did not smile all at once, or steadily. But for one of those seeming chances which so often prove the actual turning-point in the careers of talented people, Chopin would have lacked the wherewithal to continue his Parisian career.

One day, when he was actually contemplating either a return to Poland, or, as he had phrased it in a letter to a friend, 'to stay, and kill himself,' he happened to meet his old friend and patron Prince Radziwill in the street. 'I am leaving Paris for ever,' he told him. 'I have made my *adieux*; I have packed my luggage; to-morrow I shall be far away.' The Prince made no objection, but merely asked whether he would promise him to spend that evening with him at the Rothschilds'. Chopin promised;

the promise decided his future. In the *salons* of the famous banker, where he went for the first time, he was received with enthusiasm. There was no further talk of leaving Paris. He awoke next morning to find himself famous.

From that moment, the tide turned. He became renowned, established. One of his former fellow - students, Orlowski, wrote : 'Chopin is very well. He turns all the French-women's heads, and makes all the men jealous.' But he was no Lothario. He had had his 'ideal' when he was just twenty years old : a young pupil at the Conservatoire of Warsaw, by name Constantia Gladkowska, who, with her *toilette blanche* and a rose in her hair, singing her sweetest at one of his concerts, confirmed his incipient passion. Not until after her marriage did another damsel find some favour in his eyes.

This was a young Polish lady, a certain Mademoiselle Maria W——, the sister of a former friend, who came to stay in Paris with her family. He was attracted by her, and the impression was strengthened the following year

when they happened to meet at Marienbad, where the young lady's mother was making the 'cure.' They were betrothed, left Marienbad together, and the happy composer spent some delightful weeks with Maria and her family. The young lovers parted with the understanding that they would shortly meet again. But a few months after his return to Paris, Chopin learnt, to his humiliation, that Maria had had the offer of a coronet, and that she preferred rank and wealth to the *rôle* of an artist's wife.

It was while smarting and writhing under a blow which to such a delicately-organized nature was a rough experience, that—at the house of a certain Countess—he met Aurore Dudevant (George Sand).

The interview is more or less picturesquely described by even those among his biographers who most deeply deplored its consequences to Chopin.

By some chance, Chopin happened to remember one night that the Countess was receiving her friends, and to feel an inclination to

pay her a visit. As he mounted the stairs, it seemed to him that he was followed by a shadow which exhaled his favourite perfume of violets. He felt a presentiment that something peculiar and mysterious was about to happen to him, and, hastening his footsteps, felt more secure when he had found a corner in the brilliantly-lit *salons* where he might be an on-looker rather than an actor in the busy scene.

Here he remained until the greater part of the guests departed, when it was no longer possible to conceal his presence. He was unearthed and seated at the piano, and—perhaps in consequence of the slight excitement of the violet-perfumed shadow feeling himself in the vein for improvisation—he began to extemporize.

His genius for improvisation was, so say his pupils and artist friends, his supreme gift. On this occasion he enthralled his auditors; he seemed to be lifted above himself, under a spell. The most unearthly melodies, the most transcendent modulations and ethereal *broderies*, fell from his long, delicate fingers.

Then suddenly he seemed to come to earth, to remember where he was—and raising his eyes, he met the ardent gaze of George Sand.

He sprang up, and, eluding the congratulations of his eager hearers, established himself behind a group of camellias. But a few moments later he heard the rustle of silk, he smelt the violet odour, and there before him stood his friend, Franz Liszt, the handsome dark-eyed woman on his arm. The introduction was inevitable.

Although fascinated by the celebrated novelist's deftly-conveyed compliments, her aptly-worded appreciation, he wrote of this meeting with her to his parents :

‘I have made the acquaintance of a great celebrity, Madame Dudevant, who is known by the name of George Sand ; but her face is not sympathetic, and did not please me ; there is something in her which to me is repulsive.’

And not long after this he was at her feet, conquered by the fascination of her intellect and vitality, blinded by her subtle power to attract the opposite sex. His first “ideal” and the

fair Maria both forgotten, he began a new and different life. He forsook the *coteries* where he had been the centre of admiring crowds; he shrank from mixing with his most intimate friends. Spending the summer at Madame Sand's estate, Nohant, and the winter among her peculiar circle of intimates, he seemed lost to those who had known and loved him best.

A year later Chopin's health showed symptoms which seemed to demand a warmer climate, and Madame Sand decided to rent a forsaken monastery in the island of Majorca.

Thither accordingly went the lady, accompanied by her son and daughter and by Chopin. She and her children appeared to enjoy wandering about the island and prowling about the deserted and gloomy building which was their temporary home. But Chopin was depressed by his surroundings. Even the resources of a millionaire would hardly make a cosy house for an invalid of an abandoned monastery. The thick stone walls, the small, high windows, the long corridors with their reverberations, and

the ghastly cloisters—all these affected the spirits of the impressionable artist, and led to the first distaste of Madame Sand for her susceptible friend. From her own account, she often left him to himself, even in the dark evenings—when she would find him seated at his piano, pale, with haggard eyes and hair standing on end, too unnerved to recognize either her or her children until reassured by their cheerful presence.

But to these moods among the monastery shadows the musical world owes some of Chopin's loveliest inspirations—notably the so-called 'Preludes,' in many of which—says Madame Sand—one may hear the echo of Chopin's fantastic ideas of the deceased monks whose graves were in the quadrangle, and of the funeral chants which persistently haunted him in the desolate cloisters.

Returning to Paris, his health appeared rehabilitated, and some years passed, during which his reputation steadily grew. But he could scarcely have been a happy man, feeling as he did irresistibly reattracted towards his old

friends and acquaintances, from association with whom Madame Sand had resolutely kept him. From Liszt, Franchomme, and other artist brethren she did not attempt to separate him. But a certain captiousness and irritability had evidently begun to affect her victim, unconsciously weary of his slavery. In writing home, he complained of certain intimates, notably, says Monsieur Karasowski—his compatriot, and later on his biographer—of Franz Liszt. Yet Monsieur Franchomme considered that Chopin had reason to consider himself aggrieved, although he refused to give his reasons for his opinion.

Then came a blow: the death of Nicolas Chopin, his father. This was in 1844. Not very long after this the composer's health began finally to decline. His cough and weakness increased, until at last he could no longer walk. He had to be driven or carried here and there. His spirits forsook him. At this juncture occurred the rupture of his friendship with George Sand.

The reason why Chopin somewhat suddenly

broke his chains, was—according to Monsieur Karasowski and Monsieur le Comte Stanislas Tarnowski—this :

George Sand wrote a novel, ‘Lucrezia Floriani,’ in which she was supposed to depict herself as the heroine, and Chopin as the selfish, sickly, and jealous Prince Karol, who repays the devotion and self-sacrifice of the artist ‘la Floriani’ by so tormenting her that she dies.

Whether Chopin suspected the truth of the portraiture is not known. But it was stated by several of those who were likely to know and to be truthful, that he was asked to assist in the correction of the proofs ; and that the young Dudevants, her children, said on one occasion : ‘Surely you know, Monsieur Chopin, that Prince Karol is *you*?’

Madame Sand and her friends denied that this was true, and cited traits in the character of the Prince which no one could have attributed to Chopin.

‘So little is Karol the portrait of a great artist,’ she said, ‘that Chopin, reading the manuscript day by day on my desk, never for

one moment dreamt of such a thing—he, the most suspicious of beings.’

Whether this was the immediate cause or not, the estrangement took place, and Chopin's weakness was increased by the shock.

Paris became odious to him. He resolved to carry out a frequently-planned visit to England. A pupil—a Scotch lady, Miss Stirling—had often invited him to stay with her in Scotland. It seemed the right moment to accept. But before leaving he gave a concert, which Jules Janin announced thus in his *feuilleton* of February 14, 1848 : ‘Monsieur Chopin gives his concert next Tuesday ; but it is not one of adieu, of departure. Monsieur Chopin remains in Paris, the seat of his renown and of his repose.’

The immediate migration was hindered by the political events of 1848. Meanwhile, Chopin, in the *salon* of a favourite friend, had happened to meet Madame Sand. She took the first step towards a reconciliation by holding out her hand and saying, ‘Frédéric,’ with tears in her great dark eyes. But Chopin was not to be deterred from the straight and narrow

path by tears which the poet Alfred de Musset, a former conquest of the capricious lady's, had apostrophized thus :

‘ Si je doute des larmes,
C'est que je t'ai vue pleurer.’

He trembled and changed colour, but he turned and left the *salon*. Later, we find him in London.

His life during his stay here, and an account of his prevailing characteristics at that epoch, can scarcely be better given than they are by Mr. A. J. Hipkins, F.S.A., a member of the Broadwood firm, well known in the musical world as the historian of the pianoforte, and writer on keyed instruments in the ‘*Encyclopædia Britannica*’ (ninth edition). In a letter to the writer, Mr. Hipkins states :

‘ My recollections of Frédéric Chopin are limited to the year 1848, when he came to this country along with the late Sir Charles Hallé, Alexandre Billet, and others. He had been obliged to leave Paris on account of the Revolution which deposed and exiled Louis Philippe.

‘ Chopin had been in London in 1837, when symptoms of the disease to which he was ultimately to succumb had caused anxiety. He was then accompanied by the pianist and piano-maker, Camille Pleyel.

‘Almost the only record of this visit has been preserved in the Broadwood family. The late Mr. James Shudi Broadwood, at that time residing at 46, Bryanston Square, invited Pleyel, with his friend Chopin, who tried to put on a quasi-anonymity by masquerading as Monsieur Fritz, to dinner. Chopin had no need to adopt this harmless deception, for at that time his name was unknown in this country, unless it were to a few advanced musicians. However, his incognito was upset when, after dinner, he was invited to try the piano. In the Broadwood circle his fame would seem to have gone before him, although the lurking thought cannot be suppressed that Pleyel had quietly let out the secret.

‘The recollection of the Broadwood piano and its responsiveness to his sensitive touch remained with Chopin, so that when he arrived in London in April, 1848, one of the first visits he paid was to Broadwood’s warehouse in Great Pulteney Street. That was the first time I saw him. He paid many subsequent visits, and it was on those occasions that I heard him play.

‘It was the first near experience I had of genius. I had seen Mendelssohn conduct “Elijah,” I had heard Thalberg in his remarkable and original displays of piano-playing, but they were as prose to Chopin’s poetry. I was carried up into another sphere, and my ideas of musical art became enlarged, so that all I had hitherto experienced was seen and valued from a new and higher standpoint. . . .’

Alluding to the music Mr. Hipkins already knew of Chopin’s, he continues :

‘As to Sterndale Bennett, he would have nothing to do

with Chopin—at least, in his public performances. When, afterwards, I attempted to play some of Chopin's works, Bennett good-naturedly laughed at me, and said he would not give much for Wessel's speculation in engraving those compositions. . . .

‘On one occasion Chopin came with his pupil, Miss Stirling, and the late Frederick Beale, of Cramer and Co. (publishers), to play the new valse in A flat and in C sharp minor, since so popular, which Beale had then secured for publication. This was a great privilege for me; but of all he played when I heard him, I best remember the “Andante Spianato.”

‘To save Chopin from fatigue, he was carried upstairs. Physical weakness was not, however, the cause of his tenderly-subdued style of playing. This was his own, and inseparable from his conception of pianoforte touch; it was incapable of modification from any influence whatever. His *fortissimo* was the full, pure tone without noise, a harsh, inelastic note being to him painful. His *nuances* were modifications of that tone, decreasing to the faintest yet always distinct *pianissimo*. His singing, *legatissimo* touch was marvellous. The wide-extended *arpeggios* in the bass were transfused by touch and pedals into their corresponding sustained chords, and swelled or diminished like waves in an ocean of sound. He kept his elbows close to his sides, and played only with finger-touch—no weight from the arms. He used a simple, natural position of the hands as conditioned by scale and chord playing, adapting the easiest fingering, although it might be against the rules, that came to him. He changed fingers upon a key as often as an organ-player.’

Then, once more returned to Paris, sick, as

he wrote to his friend Grzymala, of the mists of Scotland and the fogs of England, his last days began. They were soothed by the loving attentions of his friends Grzymala, Franchomme, Gutmann, and by the solicitude of his own sister and his sisterly friends, the Countess Delphine Potocka, the Princess Czartoryska, the Baronne de Rothschild, and others. But he was shadowed by a very pressing trouble—the want of money.

However, this came to the ears of his pupil, Miss Stirling, who immediately produced 25,000 francs for his immediate expenses.

Thereby hangs a tale. The notes were given to the one who had taken upon himself to inform Miss Stirling of the great artist's anxieties, with the sole proviso that they were to be delivered anonymously, and her secret kept.

The good-natured but evidently somewhat too careless and confiding personage simply enclosed the notes in an envelope and left them with the portress to be delivered immediately. The days passed, and those who were in the secret were astonished to find Chopin still

restless, anxious, and bewailing his difficulties. At last a bold spirit among them asked why he should worry, considering that he had 25,000 francs at his disposal for his more pressing wants.

Chopin stared. 'You mock me!' he stammered bitterly. 'Twenty-five thousand francs indeed! Where should I get them? I have not a single sou of such a sum.'

The amiable conspirators, whose plot had somehow proved a fiasco, were both bewildered and alarmed. They naturally suspected the portress, but for some reason did not at once appeal to or accuse her. One of them, evidently a believer in the occult, suggested that they should have recourse to a fashionable clairvoyant who had lately electrified certain Parisian circles by his second-sight. This Monsieur Alexis was accordingly visited by some of them, a cravat worn by the portress having been obtained to give to him, that he might obtain the necessary *rapport*. The sequel was certainly strange. Monsieur Alexis unhesitatingly declared that the money would be found behind the mirror in

the porter's lodge. Repairing at once to the house, the portress was interrogated, with the result that the envelope, with the seal unbroken, was sought for and found under the clock and behind the glass in the lodge, as the clairvoyant had said—doubtless placed there, and from that moment entirely forgotten, by the woman.

Chopin resisted the gift, and finally accepted less than half. The relief was just in time. On October 17 he breathed his last.

Many accounts are given of the closing scene ; several pathetic pictures have depicted it. The facts are simply these :

Ever of a religious nature, his faith had been dimmed by the influence of George Sand, who had some theories of her own on the subject of Nature and the right of human beings to follow their instincts after the fashion of the animals—dimmed, but not destroyed. One of his friends declared that he never joined in any conversation subversive of revealed religion and the accepted laws of morality. But he was discouraged, depressed. His compatriot and friend, the Abbé Alexandre Jelowicki, who

hastened to bring consolation to his death-bed, found him somewhat hopeless as to his spiritual state. However, in a short time the good priest was consoled by administering the last Sacraments to him, and seeing him sigh out his soul in peace.

Chopin died young, if not quite so young as his friend Mendelssohn. In death, as he lay among quantities of the flowers he so much loved, survivors who were among those privileged to see him say that he was more beautiful than in life.

His funeral took place on October 30. The great church of the Madeleine was hung with black, and crowded. The 'Requiem' of Mozart was to be sung; that this should be so had been one of his last wishes, and the Archbishop had for the occasion permitted women's voices in the choir. Already Mesdames Viardot and Castellan were in their places, near to Messieurs Lablache, Alexis Dupont, and Meyerbeer (conductor). All awaited the coffin in solemn silence, when suddenly a slight shudder seemed to stir the congregation, most of whom

were on their knees. 'Never—never shall I forget that moment,' said a distinguished pupil of the master's, relating it with tears in her eyes many years after. 'Glancing up, I heard the first notes of his "Marche Funèbre" from the great organ, and saw his coffin moving slowly towards us from the doorway.'

The pall-bearers on the solemn march along the boulevards to Père la Chaise were Messieurs Franchomme, Eugène Delacroix, Meyerbeer, and Prince Czartoryski. Ever a faithful son of Poland, it was a handful of the earth he had brought with him when leaving his country eighteen years before that was first cast into his grave. But although his body was to rest in French soil, his heart was by his desire taken to Warsaw, to the Church of the Holy Cross, where as late as 1879 or 1880 they erected his bust.

Chopin relics still exist, but the bulk of them were burnt in a fire in Warsaw in 1863.

Nearly all the composer's belongings were bought, after his death, by his munificent friend Miss Stirling, who had a Chopin museum of her

own in Scotland. But first she gave many mementoes to his pupils and admirers. Monsieur Franchomme showed a pink vase of Bohemian glass, and one of his most distinguished pupils, Mademoiselle Meara (afterwards Madame Dubois), received a similar one. Many others were recipients of such relics. The remainder—in fact, the whole of the above-mentioned collection purchased by Miss Stirling—was left by her to Madame Chopin, who survived her son until 1861.

At her death they became the property of her only surviving daughter, Madame Isabelle Barcinska. This lady lived in the second story of a house in the Faubourg of Cracow, in Warsaw. During the trouble in 1863 a shot was fired and some Orsini bombs discharged from a story above hers, at the Comte de Berg, a Russian officer. The house was entered and sacked by a mob of infuriated soldiers, who made a bonfire of its contents, including the Chopin collection—which, among other precious things, contained the first pianoforte on which his childish fingers had played, and his favourite Pleyel grand ; also his

portrait by Ary Scheffer and all his letters to his family. Happily, his manuscripts were already collected by loving hands, and had passed through many editions in many countries.

There are various opinions of the hundred and odd works which Chopin left at his death ; but most persons concur in thinking the polonaises, mazurkas, impromptus, and preludes his most distinctive compositions. The 'Concerto in E minor' can scarcely ever cease to be the delight of pianists, especially since the somewhat meagre orchestration has been remodelled by an eminent German musician. But that any manuscript of Chopin's should be meddled with by a profane outsider was, and is, considered horrible sacrilege by his pupils. One of them—Monsieur Fontana—went into a violent passion one day on hearing the writer play the 'Valse in A minor' as edited by Adolphe Henselt. He paced the room, actually foaming at the mouth with rage, which he afterwards explained was not anger with the unhappy executant, but with the presumptuous editor—who, if the truth be known, has *effectirt*, as he termed it, more than one

of the celebrated studies, and nearly all the mazurkas.

Some of his pupils upheld the idea that there were certain traditions as to how Chopin ought to be played; in fact, that his own interpretation of his own compositions was *the* one, and that all other should be held as anathema. But some—notably the Princess Czartoryska, whose playing Chopin certainly approved—and others among his pupils, differ from this—consider the idea, indeed, a heresy.

The Princess was wont to say that Chopin was essentially one of those geniuses who are kaleidoscopic in their shades of moods and humours. As he was always correcting, altering, remodelling his manuscripts—until his unlucky editors would be confounded by meeting with the same idea expressed and treated sometimes a score of different ways—so he seldom sat down to play in the same state of mind or emotional feeling: so that perhaps he seldom played one piece exactly as he played it before.

‘No,’ she said: ‘his music has a universal character, just as the severest classical music has

it. It will admit of many interpretations by many musical minds ; in harnessing it with a cut-and-dried tradition you belittle it.'

Besides the Princess, one of his favourite pupils, Chopin believed greatly in a young Hungarian, by name Filtsch, who died while still a mere boy. Mr. James W. Davison, the eminent critic, has told the writer that the playing of this youth resembled Chopin's so greatly that it would have been difficult to tell one from the other, had the two players been concealed from sight.

CHAPTER III.

The Paris opera-houses—‘Tannhäuser’—Graziani and Mario—The pianist Ascher—Hector Berlioz—His life—His compositions and literary works—Failure of ‘Les Troyens’—Domestic troubles, illness, and death—The writer’s personal reminiscences of him—The brothers Galignani—M. de Lesseps—Mr. Wyld, the English painter—Mr. and Mrs. Wittering—Rossini.

WHILE the Chopin circle had become scattered, and was to a certain extent a society dedicated to his memory, more living work was proceeding in the musical world of Paris in ‘the sixties.’

We have glanced at the orchestral concerts and the *sociétés* for chamber music—in both branches the exaltation of Beethoven, as the great central musical sun, being the primary object. But what was doing at the opera?

The talk of the hour was the *fasco* of ‘Tannhäuser’ at the Grand Opera. It had been produced through the influence of the Princess Metternich—who gave the Emperor and Empress no peace until the performance was announced—and it cost the management 150,000 francs. But the Parisian public prided themselves on being able to think for themselves. They had accepted Beethoven, and plumed themselves greatly upon the fact. Meanwhile, Richard Wagner was another affair altogether. Who was this upstart, this Richard Wagner, indeed? A *protégé* of royalty, recommended from Court to Court? Bah! they were not to be cajoled in that fashion. So they went, severely critical, to listen—and remained, to *siffler*, until the curtain was rung down upon the last scene. Next morning musical Paris resounded with the unpleasant words ‘humbug,’ ‘charlatan,’ ‘richly-deserved *fasco*’ and others equally delightful to the ear of aspirants to public favour.

At the Italiens, the ‘Ballo in Maschera’ was produced as a quasi-novelty. Graziani was

singing there, also Mario—about whose decadence the critics were beginning to give broad hints. Schulhoff, the most brilliant and sparkling of pianoforte executants, came and went; and the writer frequently met a then great favourite of the English public, the pianist and composer, Monsieur Ascher. Ascher was the composer of London drawing-room pieces *par excellence*, and the predecessor of the late Sydney Smith (whose first success, the ‘Harpe Éolienne,’ realized a little fortune). He was, as his name suggests, of Hebrew extraction—a slight, middle-aged man, with scant brown hair and whiskers, and an eyeglass. A most humble-minded personage, he was anxious to excuse himself for his successes. ‘I cannot imagine what the public see in them,’ he said. ‘To me, essentially a lover of classical music, they are atrocious—and so difficult to write!’ His method to obtain the few pages which tickled the ear of the general public and were easy enough to be played by the merest schoolgirl, was to write pages upon pages, and gradually reduce them to a fraction of their original length—in fact,

to 'boil down,' as it is called. 'But I should like you to hear my *real* work,' he pleaded, 'my compositions that the publishers will not accept, because of the unfortunate clap-trap I was so very foolish as to write—in jest, at first, I assure you—as a caricature! And they took me *au sérieux*.'

We heard some of Monsieur Ascher's real and earnest work, and—yawned, although he completely enjoyed himself.

There was a distinct pathos about the composer who yearned to be what he was not, or what the public would not allow him to be. A roughly-checked ambition, a life's disappointment, is always pathetic. But the pathos about poor Monsieur Ascher, hovering about classical concerts and protesting his musical faith, is as nothing to the pathos about the being who will ever remain the strangest, most significant figure of many musical memories—Hector Berlioz, writer and composer.

Before sketching the man as the writer saw him, it may be as well to give a few facts connected with his life.

Born at La Côte-Saint-André, near Grenoble, in 1803, he was the son of a physician, Louis Berlioz—who appears to have dreamt so little of the distinguished future in store for the little Hector, that he destined him for a medical career. He sent him to Paris, when old enough, to study medicine under Amussat and chemistry with Thénard and Gay-Lussac. Literature was to be pursued, and in this Andrieux was his professor. But the youth, evidently reserved to a fault, had long ago been the secret lover of another goddess than Hygeia. Music was in his soul—and the struggle between his passion and his duty to his father ended in his giving up medicine, and abandoning himself to his “call.” He began to study composition under Lesueur, and in 1825 a Mass from his pen was given in the church of St. Roch. Next year he competed for the prize for composition given by the Institut des Beaux Arts, but failed to obtain it. On August 26 his name was inscribed on the books of the Conservatoire, and on October 2 he became a member of Reicha’s class. In 1827 he competed for the

first time in the renowned academy, sending in his cantata 'Orphée,' but failed to obtain a prize.

Discouraged, but not altogether disheartened, in 1828 he sent in and obtained a prize for his cantata 'Herminie.' But it was a second prize, and to an original genius to be second means to be defeated. Then, in 1829, came a fourth rebuff. His cantata 'Cléopâtre'—upon which he built his hopes—passed without notice. Still he persisted. A fifth time he tempted Fortune with a work which some critics prefer to all others from his pen—'Sardanapalus'—and won the coveted Prix de Rome.

Success so far achieved, his family, who had given him the cold shoulder since he forsook medicine for music, relented, and were more reconciled to his ambitions. He set out for Rome, where he composed his 'Rob Roy,' which he afterwards destroyed, as he had already destroyed his first attempt at 'Faust.' In 1832 he returned to Paris, and a year later married a young Irish actress, a certain Henrietta Smithson. It was not a happy marriage. He was

passionately in love, and there were constant differences of opinion, if not jealousies and estrangements. In 1841 the couple finally separated, and he drifted into the arms of the lady he married immediately after his wife's death in 1854, a certain Marie Martin, or Marie Recio.

Meanwhile, in spite of domestic disturbances, he continued his career with the almost defiant perseverance which must lead to some sort of success. He composed work after work—the celebrated ‘*Enfance du Christ*’ and ‘*Symphonie Fantastique*’; the popular ‘*Damnation de Faust*’; his ‘*Requiem*’; the ‘*Carnaval Romain*’ and overture to ‘*King Lear*’; ‘*Lelio, ou la Retour à la Vie*’; ‘*Benvenuto Cellini*’; ‘*Beatrice et Benedict*’ (‘*Much Ado about Nothing*’), and the three compositions which were his own special favourites: the ‘*Romeo et Juliette*’ symphony, the ‘*Te Deum*,’ and the opera which later had such a disastrous influence on his career, ‘*Les Troyens*.’

He wrote many other works. He also contributed to literature, not only by his much-

looked-for weekly *feuilletons* in the *Journal des Débats*, but by the *libretti* of ‘Les Troyens à Carthage’ and other operatic works, by ‘Memories,’ ‘Retour à la Vie,’ ‘Episode de la Vie d’un Artiste,’ and ‘Les Grotesques de la Musique.’ Yet he found time for visits to London in 1852-53 to conduct the first series of the New Philharmonic Concerts, and to produce his ‘Benvenuto Cellini,’ and for tours in Austria, Silesia, Hungary, Bohemia, and Russia, where the prophet was more honoured than in his own country. A friend, writing of him after one of his bitter disappointments in Paris, significantly adds : ‘Germany considered him as one of her glories. In Beethoven’s own country they called him the “French Beethoven.” He has had to seek forgetfulness of the outrages of his compatriots in Vienna, Berlin, or Weimar.’

‘The outrages of his compatriots.’ Fresh in the mind of that writer would seem to have been the Parisian disdain of the opera upon which he had worked for years, which was his darling among his brain-children — ‘Les Troyens.’

This opera, which might be termed a 'dualogy,' was in two parts, 'Les Troyens à Carthage' and 'La Prise de Troie.' It was the performance of 'Les Troyens à Carthage' which he proposed to Monsieur Carvalho should take place at the Théâtre Lyrique. Monsieur Carvalho, after some deliberation, for Berlioz was anything but popular, undertook the work, and it was produced on November 4, 1863.

Everything that could be done to ensure success was done. Madame Charton-Demeur, the tried friend of the composer, created the part of Dido. Eneas was sung by Monsieur Montjauze, a favourite with Parisian audiences. But the music was too violent a contrast to the suavities of Auber and others to whom they were attached—too audaciously original, and perhaps even eccentric—to be borne by a public who insisted on being pleased as a first desideratum. After twenty-one days', or rather nights', struggle for existence, the poor opera was withdrawn, pelted with the revengeful condemnation of the composer's many enemies.

For the first time in his chequered career

Berlioz lost courage. He wished to resign his post as critic in the *Journal des Débats*. His health gave way. Then came other troubles. His wife died, and his son—a young naval officer whom he devotedly loved—did not long survive her. After protracted sufferings, the unacknowledged genius died on March 8, 1869, without that which would have cheered his death-bed—a prevision of posthumous fame.

Berlioz's undeniable genius has been hardly judged by many, although it has been to a considerable extent acknowledged since his death, both here and elsewhere. His music, even to the initiated, is harsh, and perhaps repellent. He glories in a somewhat violent use of the noisier instruments, to the repudiation of the gentler wood and strings. His conceptions are sometimes singular, often wild; and he seems to fear the *ad captandum* effects—as it were, to go out of his way to avoid them. That he should have condescended to have written a 'Danse des Sylphes' is amazing; that he has not contemptuously destroyed that oasis in the desert of grim fancies, as he destroyed his

first 'Faust' and other manuscripts, is a marvel. But had not his life been so hard, so full of bitterness, what might he not have been! As it is, his disappointed, despairing Muse is scarcely ever less than great, even in her shrillest cries—and there are moments when that cry is shrill indeed.

Defiance of all accepted form and tradition may win a public when it is foisted upon them with magnificent pretension and unparalleled audacity—as in the case of Richard Wagner. But defiance alone is met by ridicule and contempt, or at the best by indifference.

It was before what might literally be termed the fall of Troy—his Troy—that Berlioz's acquaintance was made by the writer.

With a certain trepidation, we set out upon our first visit to the great critic, for some among our French acquaintances had shrugged their shoulders, raised their eyebrows, and smiled when Berlioz was mentioned. He was nothing if not exclusive. We might expect—anything. He seldom saw strangers. We might spare

ourselves the trouble of a journey which would most likely be fruitless.

It was not in the most fashionable quarter of Paris that we found the composer's abode—a huge, desolate-looking house in a long, narrow street. There was a *boulangerie* opposite, also a *charcuterie*. Entering by the big *porte-cochère*, we sought the *concierge*. But the small, untidy lodge was close shut. He—or she—was out. Wandering into the courtyard to find someone who might give information, there was a desolate appearance about the square of cobbles strewn with straw, cabbage-leaves, and what not, where a few sickly-looking fowls were seeking food, and a woman was slowly and laboriously hanging out clothes—how they were to dry instead of freezing that bleak winter morning would be proved by-and-by. A bitter wind met us round the corner as we interrogated the woman. ‘Monsieur Berlioz? Yes, he lived there. But the ladies would have to mount high—very high; it was the topmost *étage*.’

We mounted a dark wooden staircase, story

after story, meeting no one. At the top of the flight there was a small three-cornered landing—and a window through which, peeping down, we saw the fluttering clothes, the woman, and the fowls. Berlioz, the author of the *feuilletons*, the musical autocrat of the *Journal des Débats*, here, with this *entourage* ! We glanced at each other ; then one of us pulled the red woollen cord by the door. A bell clanged noisily, but there was silence within. Presently we heard slow footsteps—the door opened—we saw a stolid wench in a soiled blue cotton gown who gave us an astonished stare.

‘Monsieur Berlioz *chez lui* ? Oh yes ; he was *chez lui*.’ She took our cards in a protesting manner and shuffled off within, and, returning almost immediately—astonished, and still mutely protesting, as it were—ushered us into a room, placed chairs, and left us.

A small, untidy apartment, with dust everywhere, with bookshelves not neatly arranged, with tables and chairs strewn or laden with books, papers, manuscripts. Over the crowded mantelpiece was the oil-painting of a lady, a

good-looking woman, with dark eyes and bunches of ringlets on either side of her oval face.

We were wondering whether this was the Henrietta Smithson of his earlier days, and, as the minutes passed, wondering also whether the sturdy handmaiden had erred in ushering us into her master's sanctum—when the door opened and a slight, middle-aged man entered. The portraits of Hector Berlioz are good. They give a fair idea of him as he was then—with sharp, pronounced features, flowing iron-gray hair, small but brilliant dark eyes, and a pensive, somewhat enigmatical expression.

He bowed, murmured a few words of welcome, and with a courtly air insisted on our resuming the seats we had risen from as he came in. Then, seating himself behind the writing-table, he looked from one to the other, and gave a melancholy little smile.

‘You are musical, you come from London, you must know my great friend Davison,’ he said ; and they were his first words. ‘What a critic ! what a man !’ Then with intense feeling he spoke of Mr. Davison and of others,

suddenly pausing, a trick of his, and abruptly changing the conversation.

‘You are to make your *début* here?’ he asked. ‘And you are a pupil of Henselt? His *études* are known and liked here.’ Then he gave us practical advice, and, unbending, was so kindly and encouraging that it was almost impossible to realize that we were talking to the unapproachable, inaccessible being of whose absolute exclusiveness we had been warned. Most valuable were his hints, practically priceless was his advice; and on our rising to end the interview he promised to shortly visit us at our hotel, and escorted us to the door.

We retraced our steps, and found our *voiture* and cheerfully-indulgent *cocher* (a cheery indulgence was the prevailing attitude towards us *Anglaises*), and as we clattered over the stones we congratulated ourselves upon a good fortune in which, after what we had heard from our musical friends, it was somewhat hard to believe.

Monsieur Berlioz kept his word. One evening we were dressing for a dinner-party at

the Galignan's', when there was a tap at the door communicating with our little *salon*, and a card was presented by the rough-and-ready *garçon*—‘Hector Berlioz.’

Hurrying on the first frocks which came to hand, we hastened to receive our distinguished guest. He was standing with his back to the wood fire, and to the lighted candles in the bronze branches on the mantelpiece. He looked stiffly grave, his black coat tightly buttoned almost to the throat, his hand inserted under the lapel after the manner of old-fashioned portraits. At first he was politely abrupt, and presently requested that I would play to him.

For a neophyte, a mere tyro and aspirant, to be called on suddenly to be tested by a great critic is a severe trial. But Berlioz, listening silently as he leant against the mantelpiece, seemed to cast a protecting mental shadow upon the trembling player, even as his material shadow was cast upon the keyboard. He was anything but chilly or severe. He was, indeed, both compassionate and sympathetic, and afterwards gave his views of what a young artist's

life should be. He condemned the practice of many consecutive hours at the piano, and of the use of nerve stimulants, such as tea and coffee. '*Surtout*,' he insisted, '*point de café noir*.'

The visit was not his only kindness. A charming article was written by him in the *Journal des Débats*, after the concert given by the *débutante*, who was a native of the country of which he evidently cherished tender and grateful memories—England.

Perhaps, had he remained in England, Berlioz's career might have been a far happier and more successful one. Whatever other nations may say of us, from the time when Handel lived and flourished England has seemed the natural home of original genius, and English audiences have shown a readiness to give an unprejudiced and unbiased hearing even to those who have been failures abroad. Here, Berlioz would have had justice, even had he not achieved popularity: and the mysterious fact that the music of Richard Wagner is tolerated by the million in this country would seem to suggest that Berlioz,

if resident here, might have met with similar good fortune.

That good fortune would have softened his musical asperities—the stringent acrimony of his conceptions—is quite possible. The excessive sensibility of genius precludes its exemption from external impressions. Berlioz's strength of will carried him to the end through a crowd of disappointments, but no strength of will can deaden the nervous system of a brain-worker.

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Musical society in Paris numbered many amateur circles. Among those of the English residents who, if not ardent music-lovers, were music-patrons, were the brothers Galignani.

In his office, the brother whose acquaintance we first made seemed somewhat hard, business-like, even brusque. But in his own home, a palatial house luxuriously furnished and *confortable*, as the French term it, he was the most genial of hosts. Dinner-parties at the Messrs. Galignani's were not stiff, ceremonious functions. Stiffness and ceremony, indeed, must have disappeared at the very entrance of the fairylike

little Madame Galignani, an invalid, who was carried to and from her own rooms in a chair like that used by the Pope. She was a bright creature, youthful-looking in spite of her white hair, and seemed interested in each of her guests, anxious to hear their concerns and to sympathize. Here we met Monsieur de Lesseps, then a fine man with dark eyes and hair, whose conversation was varied and brilliant, and an English painter greatly appreciated in Paris, if somewhat overlooked here, Mr. William Wyld. Visits to his studio in the Rue Blanche, and the lovely landscape paintings he was working upon, dwell in the memory, as well as his picturesque personality ; he was then of middle age, with aquiline features, clear eyes, and short gray hair and pointed beard. He was an amateur musician, and there were meetings for concerted music frequently at the house of his friend, Mr. Wittering—a Dutch gentleman with a musical English wife, at whose residence we spent many pleasant hours. Their rooms were more English in style than French, but over the mantelpiece of the music-room

hung one of the most remarkable of Ary Scheffer's portraits. A friend of Mr. Wittering, he had exalted a somewhat ordinary physiognomy into one radiant with poetic beauty ; yet the likeness remained, proof of the painter's genius.

At that time a musician could scarcely have been said to have seen musical society in Paris who had not been present at one of Rossini's musical receptions. Rossini, even then well laden with years, lived in an old stone house which might well have been an ancient Italian *palazzo*. We had introductions to the *maestro*, but his health was failing—his receptions were in abeyance for the time being. His society was much sought after ; the Parisians as well as his own countrymen delighted in his conversation, and his latest *bon-mot* was always in circulation at artistic gatherings and musical dinners.

CHAPTER IV.

Adolphe Henselt—His birth and education—Residence in Weimar under Hummel—Emancipation—Self study, visit to Karlsbad, and first appearances—Henselt in public — Marriage — Visit to London in 1850—Personal appearance and characteristics—His playing —Visit to London in 1867, and recital at Messrs. Broadwood's—Henselt in his castle in Silesia—The Frau von Henselt—Henselt as teacher—The effect of his teaching—Life at Gersdorf—Henselt at the piano—Schloss Waldau—Henselt's work in Russia—His system and compositions—His death.

MENTION has been made of a name which would certainly be unfamiliar to the general reader who had not a hobby for the pianoforte and the music specially written for that instrument—Adolphe Henselt.

Henselt is, however, known as a great pianist who ranks with Liszt, Thalberg, Rubinstein,

Clara Schumann, among the *cognoscenti*, although the majority have not heard him play.

His life can be briefly told. His birth is ambiguous. But from very early days indeed the old King Louis of Bavaria showed solicitude for the child, and, indeed, gave him into the care of a lady well known at Court as something more than an amateur, the Frau von Fladt. Born at Schwabach, in Bavaria, in 1814, he soon showed musical talent. But a certain Herr Lasser and Frau von Fladt were his only teachers until King Louis, when he had reached the age of seventeen, sent him to study under Hummel in Weimar.

Hummel was then considered the best attainable professor of the instrument, and a small crowd of students lived in Weimar to take lessons of him. About that time, Ferdinand Hiller, Edward and Leonard Schultz, Edward Roeckel, Hummel's nephew, and many others who afterwards distinguished themselves, were among them. Henselt's elected chum was a quiet, self-contained youth from Darmstadt, Karl Mangold by name (afterwards the writer's

father), whose temperament was the exact opposite of his own. The story of the eight months of Henselt's stay in Weimar was one of rebellious genius scoffing at the cut-and-dried style of his elected teacher, openly or covertly thwarting him, studying or neglecting to study as and when he pleased—but, with his brilliant talent and great personal beauty, dazzling nearly everyone he came in contact with except his portly, matter-of-fact master. He was truly a thorn in Hummel's side, and the composer spoke more bitterly of the young anarchist in music than he had been heard—being of a gentle, reasonable nature—to speak of anyone before.

Scorning the laws of execution adopted by Hummel and reversing his counsels, the gifted youth left Weimar and went to Vienna, where, studying harmony and counterpoint under Sechter, he pursued a system of self-education born of his contempt of the Hummel school—pursued it vigorously and relentlessly until it made a magnificent player of him, but by its intense difficulty and arbitrariness handicapped

him for public performance, and seriously affected his health.

To recover his strength, lost during his rigid daily practice of ten or twelve hours, he went to Karlsbad. After that, he was first heard in private circles, and wherever he was heard he electrified his hearers. His fame spread, he was besieged and besought on all sides by eager *entrepreneurs*, by amateurs wild to hear him play, to give a concert—or at least to play in some one of the established musical societies. But he hung back. Naturally imperious, proud, independent, it seemed to go against him, as it went against him throughout his life, to do what he was asked to do. Had he proposed to play in public himself, it would have been another matter. However, eventually he played—magnificently, rousing a fervour of enthusiasm—and the concert would have beaten the record of scenes of public *furore*, but that suddenly, towards the end of his performance, his memory failed him. In a fit of anger he rose from the piano, left the platform, and refused to return.

So wayward a genius was not fitted by nature to face and to please the public. Henselt played a few times, and then abandoned the idea of being what he must inevitably have been had he chosen to persevere, the darling of the multitude. From whatever cause his nervousness, or, rather, his dislike of crowds, proceeded, it was a real nervous condition. When playing with an orchestra, for instance, he chose to remain 'behind the scenes' when the band was executing the introductory passages, often playing the *tutti* with them on a small instrument concealed from view; then, a few moments before he was to begin, he would rush on and pounce upon the piano, a trick of his even when playing to a few relatives and friends alone. Von Lenz relates an anecdote bearing upon this habit of his. Having consented to play on a state occasion before the Czar, he had his piano placed close to the door from which he would emerge, and was playing the first *tutti* together with the orchestra, his cigar between his lips, when, the moment of his solo approaching, he rushed on

to the platform, and, plumping himself down before the concert-piano, played on, smoking, and continued to smoke while his cigar remained.

Such a breach of etiquette caused general consternation, but, happily, the Emperor was only amused, and was the first to applaud his *protégé*.

Henselt was a favourite at the Russian Court, as well as among the nobility and the cultivated in Russian society, from the time of his marriage with *sa Rosalie*—a noble German lady—in Breslau in 1837, to almost the hour of his death a few years ago. He was an intimate friend of the Prince and Princess of Oldenburg, relatives of the Czar—and was so much in request at Court that he found it no easy matter to obtain a few months' leave of absence to join his wife in the summer at their castle of Gersdorf, in Silesia.

The writer's first memories of Henselt are vivid, though she was a very young child. There had been much talk anent his promised visit in 1850, and the gloomy house in the London

street where his fellow-student, Karl Mangold, pursued the equally gloomy *métier* of a London professor, was somewhat topsy-turvy with the preparations. Visitors came and went. A second Erard grand was dragged in its creaking wooden support up the stone staircase. Preparations for days; then the great arrival. Valises, portmanteaus, coming upstairs—servants flushed and flurried, hasty scrubblings and dressings; then two little girls sat patiently waiting to be summoned downstairs to the drawing-room.

I can almost see the handsome man now—not either tall or short, with a proud carriage of his dark head. As he stood on the hearthrug gazing at us with his piercing, luminous eyes—eyes which seemed to shine with an inner light of their own—he gave his peculiar smile, a smile which, while singularly sweet, had a petulant, impatient twist about it. Then he kissed us, and soon afterwards dismissed our existence from his mind. But to childish observation and rumination, he was an enigma. He seemed wrapped up in something, some matter

ponderous, weighty. He listened absently, awaking from a reverie, as it were, every now and then, and somewhat irritably snapping out a remark or a reply in his remarkably clear, sibilant tones.

That was the man. But the artist?

Next morning a tide of splendid sound was suddenly let loose, and seemed to flood the house. Startled, excited, we leant over the banisters, then crouched timidly on the stairs to listen in breathless amazement.

Music? We had heard orchestras; but there was a fulness of rich sound, an accent, an abandon, and a passion in Henselt's playing of Weber's 'Oberon' and 'Euryanthe' which were overwhelming. One listened spellbound, then found one's self unnerved and palpitating, and wondering what had happened to one. Then came a second burst of genius from the extraordinary being shut up alone in the drawing-room with his Erard — studies of Chopin, studies of his own, flights of ærial passages from the *concerti* he was keeping under his hand, or rich melodies, played with a

cantando which made of the instrument a vocalist for the nonce.

Never did Henselt play to others as he played when absolutely alone. That troublesome self-consciousness of his prevented it.

He had refused the most tempting offers to play in public here. If memory can be trusted, the late Mr. Willert Beale was first and foremost in his persuasions, and offered a then unheard-of sum if Henselt would consent to a few public exhibitions of his talent. But he laughed—and dismissed the suggestions with a mere wave of the hand as a supremely uninteresting topic which might easily become tedious, if not annoying.

He was a most awkward person to converse with. One hour he might entertain a subject with a fair show of interest—even, at rare moments, with gusto. The next he might dismiss the topic with a frown of his delicately-marked brows and a gleam of his brilliant eyes—in fact, with a scowl.

Reports of his arrival brought artists and amateurs about the house. A few artists were

invited, almost in fear and trembling; for the autocrat took sudden and unaccountable dislikes to people, and an unexpected trifle which affected his fastidious taste would counterbalance the most potent attractions. Artists—by which, of course, one means musicians—came, heard, and went away raving or speechless with admiration, according to temperament. Amateurs contrived to cajole the hosts into admitting them secretly, stealthily. The scene in the house those mornings when the great pianist was ‘practising’ would have been farcical, but that the extraordinary music proceeding behind the closed door explained it. Ladies were content to be seated on the stairs where they silently listened. Now and then they wept with emotion. This and that one who dared not stay longer would creep stealthily down; another, waiting patiently round the corner below, would creep as stealthily up, and sidle into the vacant place. What would have happened had the Master suddenly stopped and made for the door? It would have been a tableau or an undignified stampede. But

it did not come to that. During those few mornings in England he played on, supremely unconscious of a hidden audience.

In 1867 he visited his friends—now domiciled in quaint, grim old Queen Square, Bloomsbury—again. The greatness of his playing remained, although the youthful fire was no more. Henselt was now over fifty years of age, stouter, round-shouldered, full-faced, and gray. His abruptness and sharpness of manner and speech were softened, and so, seemingly, was his intense aversion to publicity, for he consented to give a sort of recital at Messrs. Broadwood's, in Great Pulteney Street.

The largest of the many large showrooms there was denuded of pianos, and prettily decorated with flowers and crimson cloth. On the afternoon fixed it was filled with chairs, and as many artists and amateurs as could be found in or near London in August were invited. Henselt played a varied selection from the works of other composers as well as of his own, and played his best. But although he was thoroughly appreciated by his audience, although

even those whose anticipations were greatest were not by any means disappointed, it seemed a huge pity that this could not have been twenty years ago, when the gorgeous richness of his tone and the electric spontaneity of his emotions were in their full springtide. Now there was maturity in conception, in execution ; but the divine spark—a distinct flame, and a potent one, in 1850—was a spark that flickered only at intervals.

It was between these two visits to England that the writer spent some time with him, and with the gracious, graceful *grande dame* his wife, at Schloss Gersdorf, in Silesia, and was initiated into the secrets of his peculiar system. The *Schloss* was an old baronial castle standing among the wide, flat fields and barren wastes of Silesia. Around the great white turreted and castellated building were gardens. The village and adjacent fields separated it from the vast pine-forest which must be traversed to reach the neighbouring mountains—the Riesengebirge. Henselt lived here *en grand seigneur*. The huge rooms were splendid with rich furniture,

costly hangings, *chefs-d'œuvre* of art. In the suite of state-rooms ending in a noble *Rittersaal* above the ordinary living-rooms, were the magnificent gifts of his Russian patrons, royal and noble. One chamber was green with malachite, another shone with gold and platinum. There were precious carvings of wood and ivory, as well as jewelled writing-table equipments, also Arab horses in the stables, satin-lined carriages, costly plate and linen ; nothing was wanting to complete the luxury of the artist's manner of living.

The Frau von Henselt was a tall, finely-proportioned woman, with good features, blue eyes, golden hair, and a dignified suavity of manner. From the first, although she was entertaining Russian and German officers, counts, and barons, and other guests, she took the young *Engländerin* under her special protection.

It was necessary. Henselt as a man was captious and capricious ; as a teacher he was relentless to savagery. He was not capricious with his pupils ; he treated them alike, with merciless rigour, except on the occasions when

he did not feel in a working humour—when he would allow the *Stunde* to pass in silence, and evidently did not listen.

Yet the Russian amateurs always flocked to him, paid unheard-of terms for their course of torture, put their names down as candidates for future tuition when his list was full; they seemed to like a master who wielded a moral *knout*. They would faint or have ‘crises’ after their lessons, yet return meekly again and again to endure the ordeal. ‘Why do you learn, if it makes you like this?’ said a friend who met a young Russian lady in the master’s ante-room, overcome with a violent fit of weeping. ‘*Es ist doch himmelisch*’ (‘It is still heavenly’), she stammered, smiling through her tears.

To benefit by Henselt’s lessons, it was necessary to be doggedly determined to benefit by them, or to be a person of the spaniel and walnut-tree order. To undergo them and not thoroughly to hate him at the end, showed a beautiful nature to be envied by those who could not honestly lay claim to it.

Yet before the lesson, and after, he might be geniality itself; indeed, he mostly was.

The mornings would begin with the 'little breakfast,' served to some guests in their rooms, but by the writer and her mother taken in company with their host and hostess in a sort of verandah at the end of the long suite of living-rooms, which opened upon the gardens. Here, Henselt—his beautiful white dog 'Chance' lying at his feet—would be amiable enough. Then would come a stroll in the gardens until the second breakfast at half-past ten in the *Speise-saal*, which was also the poor pupil's torture-chamber.

It was a great square room, with a carved stone ceiling and a highly-polished floor covered with rugs and skins. The light came in greenly through the mullioned windows in the thick stone walls—upon the massive tables and carved sixteenth-century chairs, upon the shining white stove, and the grand piano drawn across the end of the room, where there were also windows. Over the instrument hung a beautiful picture, a portrait of Henselt when he was two or three

and twenty. The face was splendidly handsome, the eyes shone, the lips seemed to smile under the brown moustache. His brown velvet shooting-suit, the fur cloak thrown carelessly across his chair, his gun, and the piano against which he was leaning, were one and all marvelously painted. It is astonishing that this portrait has not been engraved or photographed. It still exists in the villa at Warmbrunn, where he last lived, or elsewhere; but its whereabouts have proved difficult to ascertain.

The second breakfast over, the poor pupil remained, watching the quick, nervous clearing away of the servants—everyone seemed troubled with slight nervousness while Henselt was prowling about—inwardly wishing that something would happen to prolong it. Then, the room being empty (there were many other pianos in the house, but that the lesson should be given on this, a Wirth from Stuttgart, was Henselt's whim), there was the waiting for him to enter.

He would come in in his white suit, a red

fez on his head, a fly-flapper in his hand, and, motioning his pupil to seat herself at the piano, would say in his short, brusque way, 'Begin so-and-so.'

Then, as she began, he would first go to the window, appear to see something that he took exception to, then pace backwards and forwards for a minute or two, stop suddenly, and, with a tigerish glance at her, cry, '*Falsch!* Play it again!'

'*Falsch!*' But what? where? She had perhaps played a page, or nearly a page. Was it the way she played it that was wrong, or were there wrong notes?

She would begin again, and '*Falsch! falsch!*' would follow her. She seemed peppered with small shot instead of that first big bullet. Then he cried, 'Stop!'

The flag of truce. He came across, eyes gleaming, his ivory skin paler, and with a word or two in low, hissing tones, far more terrible than angry shouts, would contemptuously push her off the stool and imitate her, then play the passage himself divinely, stopping now and then

to repeat and snap out rules and hints. Then, as if slightly pacified by his victory over himself—by not having given way to his impulse of annihilating her for ever—he would stride off and begin killing flies upon the wall.

And, chilled and awe-stricken, she would make another attempt at the miserable piece with her trembling fingers, although the notes on the music danced upon the paper, and a frantic desire to take a header out of window had to be fought against. During the first few bars flies were being sent to their last account—flip, flap, flip, flap—then a jump to reach one higher than the rest on the stone wall, then a stamp of the foot—‘Stop!’

He would come slowly across, evidently struggling for self-mastery, and in a gentle manner of intense politeness, of overwhelming deference, would once more point out a long string of defects. Indeed, the defects were so numerous that, in fact, every note seemed wrong, every finger misplaced.

‘Now you will be so very good as to begin again,’ he would add, with terrible sweetness.

And while, strung up to the intensest pitch, she made a desperate attempt to do all that was required at once, he went to a side-table, took a huge spoonful of some medicinal salts from a glass jar, mixed it in a tumbler with water, and drank it off.

Then perhaps there would be a milder quarter of an hour, he pacing and crying '*Falsch!*' and she stumbling through the piece and correcting. Then he would stop short, say 'Stop!' once more, heave a huge sigh of utter hopelessness, then saying 'Get up,' would sit down and give what was—the real lesson.

In ten or twenty minutes he would clearly and concisely teach a pupil enough for months of work. Not only did he lay down rules, but he explained the why and wherefore. He proposed problems, but added their solutions. Enough said, according to his idea, he abruptly rose—and without another word stalked out of the room.

This was the ordinary lesson when he was in the teaching humour. When he was not, he would cry '*Falsch!*' in various tones for the

first half-hour, then kill flies silently, till he marched out and banged the door. Or, worst of all, he would bring in the dogs and play with them, and let the unhappy pupil do her uttermost without comment, even at the end.

Yet these very peculiar lessons were invaluable. After a course of them, whatever talent one possessed was brought to life, and a new and vast idea of work, its grandeur and self-sacrifice, was suggested. Desultoriness, carelessness, were killed once and for all—and if the pupil had anything in him or her, no other tuition was really required. Method, aim, and judgment were inculcated. As Henselt himself had been his own instructor as well as his own pupil, so it was in the power of those who passed through the ordeal of his lessons to go and do likewise.

Meanwhile he was only Henselt the great teacher during the *Stunden*. Before and after he was the gracious host, the amiable friend.

An active German country life proceeded at the great white castle. Each day there were strolls in the grounds or drives across the flats

—now mostly pasture or stubble-fields—to the forest. Or Henselt and his son Alexander, a young lieutenant in the Prussian army, a tall stripling without the talent of his father or the grace and *savoir-faire* of his mother, would play bowls in the *Kegelbahn* with their men guests, the ladies looking on.

Or Henselt would feel inclined to play to some musician who had journeyed far, and perhaps put up in the village to hear him. He played so rarely—although not a day passed that he did not practise—that there would be a hasty summoning of neighbours and friends. Of relatives, too : for in the village lived two of Frau von Henselt's sisters, Madame von Schirrmann, a widow, with her pretty daughter Rosel ; and Madame von Rozinsky, the wife of a Polish Colonel, with her clever daughter Marta, one of her uncle's best amateur pupils. These, together with the grave, ascetic-looking Pastor Matthai and his devoted little wife, who had incurred Henselt's aversion because of her shrill voice—which he said reminded him of those hated birds, peacocks—and a few others, made

up an audience which assembled in the *Speise-saal* in a semicircle two or three deep in front of the Wirth piano, and he would give a recital.

On these occasions he was at his best. In his own room, seated at the pianoforte he chose to prefer—although it was not by any means the best instrument at his command—he perhaps felt that his listeners were more his admiring serfs and vassals, who knew his *répertoire* and his manner of playing it almost as well as they knew their own faces when they saw them in a glass, and therefore were scarcely to be termed an audience.

He generally began with some *pièce de résistance*, such as a sonata of Beethoven, or some important work of Mendelssohn or Weber; then he would give pieces of Schumann's, Chopin's, Liszt's, Thalberg's and his own, diversified with an occasional prelude and fugue of Bach or extracts from the 'Suites.' Of all the classics, his playing of Bach—especially the fugues—was the most remarkable. His fingers were—by his long practice of his own finger-gymnastics, the Exercises—so absolutely independent that he

was able to keep the working of the subjects as distinct as if the parts of the composition were being played by several players at different instruments.

This wonderful command of the hand, which made his performance of a fugue a new experience and a marvel to the listener, gave its distinction to his playing of orchestral music arranged for the pianoforte. In the ordinary way such pieces are to be condemned. They savour of the illegitimate. The pianoforte has its place among instruments—a special and enviable place as the greatest of wooden media for music—and to use it to imitate the orchestra is to degrade it. But this is the rule. Henselt's playing of orchestral 'arrangements' was the exception. Great though Rubinstein's performance of such music was, he could not rival Henselt in it; to hear Henselt play an overture of Weber was a revelation. Under his hands, too, Cramer's studies became a species of fairy-music, and the nocturnes of John Field, the English composer, who, living in Russia, found more favour among the Tartars than with

his countrymen, were musical poems. Henselt is said to have been influenced by Field as he was influenced by Chopin. However this may be in regard to his playing, those who have heard neither Field nor Chopin cannot of course determine. But in his softer, tenderer compositions there are faint traces of the musical thought of both—just as there is audible a distinct flavour of Russian folk-songs and their characteristic modulations. As the Pole could be detected in nearly everything from Chopin's pen, so the Russian is to be heard in Henselt.

There were weekly receptions at Gersdorf, when Henselt would, on occasion, play. The whole of the beautiful suite of state-rooms was then thrown open ; in one there would be cards, in another music, and in the great *Rittersaal*, with its shining parquet floor, the young people would dance. There were also weekly receptions at the neighbouring Schloss Waldau, a mansion owned by an amiable childless couple, whose aim in life seemed to be to make all around them happy. This castle was in point

of architecture the opposite of white-stone, castellated Gersdorf—whose tower with the flag flying was such a picturesque object, rising above the stately trees that immediately surrounded it. It was in the old German style, with numbers of tiny conical-roofed turrets, and stood in quaint old gardens, whose square, straight walks ended in a species of pleasure-ground—green lawns around a lake where swans swam and water-lilies grew. Here there were graceful willows, under whose shade the young people would gather those hot summer afternoons to drink their coffee and eat little cakes and tarts with tiny silver knives. At seven an elaborate supper would be served in the long dining-hall of the *Schloss*, after which the juniors danced, and their elders sat about in other rooms and talked—the ladies over their knitting in one, the men with their cigars in another.

These months with his wife at Gersdorf were Henselt's idler days. In Russia his life was one of incessant work. As well as his private teaching, he had the superintendence of the music in the Government schools, and had to

make tours now and then to examine the pupils, who were carrying out his system under professors appointed by him to teach the music specially fingered and edited by him for their use.

These courses are admirable. They begin with the elementary music for young minds and small hands—sonatinas, studies, etc.—and take the pupil step by step through the series of obstacles which beset the path of the pianoforte-player until, when advanced music of the greatest difficulty is reached, no hindrance remains.

The system is rigid and arbitrary. But if rigidly and arbitrarily pursued, it must make fine players of those who are at all gifted, and satisfactory amateurs out of the most unpromising, and even seemingly hopeless, pupils. English children are certainly not accustomed to study as closely and continuously as Russian and German children are expected to do, therefore the system might not be so successful here. At present, although some of these prepared editions are republished in Germany, they have not been tried in London.

As a composer, Henselt occupies a distinctive, if not a very lofty, place. His works are comparatively few. His concerto, an early work, altered, added to, and edited as years went on, is of enormous difficulty. Liszt seemed to love to create new problems, and in this composition Henselt emulated him. Few women players—unless they possess the iron wrists and biceps of a Sophie Menter or an Annette Essipoff—could give it with effect. But in his studies, impromptus, and other shorter pieces he is not so impossible; and there is a fascination about some of his compositions which makes them well worth the study of every lover of the instrument.

Henselt died as he lived—wrapped up in music; above all, in his ideas of music. As it had been his first thought as a young child, so it was his last before he passed away. His last conscious act was to hum a melody.

CHAPTER V.

Music in England in the Sixties—The various concert societies—Symptoms of a musical revival—English musical art—Its position compared with that of the music of other countries—English vocalists and instrumentalists—Madame Arabella Goddard—Her life and her talents—Sir Charles Hallé—The Monday Popular Concerts and Mr. Arthur Chappell—Mr. H. F. Chorley and the old Philharmonic—The Musical Union and its director—Personal reminiscences of Mr. Ella—His meeting with Henselt—Monster concerts—‘Benefit’ concerts—Instrumental ‘recitals’—Herr Ernst Pauer, etc.

IN the middle of the century music in England was, compared with its present condition, to a certain extent in abeyance. This country was still what it has always been, the open bank for musical artists of all countries to draw upon when they wanted money. But it

had not yet learnt that it possessed an unsuspected and unworked mine of native musical talent.

There were many societies for concert-giving, vocal, orchestral, and instrumental. The Sacred Harmonic flourished at Exeter Hall. There was a Vocal Association, which possessed a capital choir, and gave several concerts in the season. The Philharmonic Concerts and the New Philharmonic had new and seemingly powerful rivals in the Musical Society, conducted by Alfred Mellon, and the Musical Art Union, whose enterprising conductor, Herr Klindworth, was bent upon the production of the hitherto unknown works of composers of all nationalities. The Musical Union, a society founded by Mr. John Ella in 1845, gave several concerts for chamber music in the summer, and was attempting musical evenings in the winter. And not forgetting Mr. Henry Leslie's choir, there were last, but not least, the Monday Popular Concerts, whose establishment in 1858 by Mr. Arthur Chappell, to popularize classical chamber music, is perhaps the most

important step to advance the interest of music in England which has been taken in the century.

Hitherto, music lovers and concert-goers had been of the more opulent classes alone. Music had therefore appealed to the thousands instead of to the millions; and to this fact it may be attributed that there was only one musical academy; that nearly all the principal professors and professional musicians living on English money were foreigners; that there were few English musical 'stars'—in their own country—and while the members of all the orchestras, even the Queen's private band, were either aliens or, if British-born, the sons of aliens, there was no school for the study of orchestral instruments except the limited college in Tenterden Street, which was by no means overcrowded.

In the matter of musical art the thousands showed themselves either unpatriotic or unbelieving. They were not only content to welcome almost any foreign *virtuoso* who chose to appear, but they never awarded English

composers or executants more than a *succès d'estime*.

The heart of the country had not yet been appealed to. Music and the millions were still strangers. The Monday Popular Concerts introduced the public and chamber music to each other, as the Sacred Harmonic and other societies had brought the million into close contact with all that was great in vocalism.

Whether the idea first originated with Mr. Arthur Chappell, their persevering and indomitable director, we know not. In any case, the movement was an inspiration. Hundreds of thirsty musical souls found their vocation—learnt what classical music really was, and learnt that which was an equally important fact: that they had English born and bred artists among them as great as, and in some instances far greater than, those hailing from abroad, and that they might therefore go on and prosper.

Mr. Arthur Chappell found a valuable ally in Mr. James W. Davison, the eminent critic of the *Times* (of whom more anon). But his

security was the possession of a few English musicians who could hold their own triumphantly in the world of music as well as among their own people.

Before the subject of English artists comes that of English musical art. Everyone, almost, will be willing to admit that, just as each separate nation has its distinct language, each has its distinct art spirit. German art is simple, deep, grand, but will on occasion be coarse, and sometimes rough. French art, dainty, beautiful, polished, refined, errs, when it errs, by its triviality. Italy, with all its lovely thoughts so poetically expressed, is sensuous to the core—while the art of most other countries is too steeped in their prevailing mannerisms ever to be thoroughly cosmopolitan.

The prevailing characteristics of the English musical spirit are calm, purity, and exactitude of rhythm. As these qualities reign supreme in the old English vocal composers, so we may hear them stamped upon the more recent works of British origin. This calm and absence or undue storm and stress has led to the suggestion

that to be English in art is to be cold. If so, the greatest sculpture is cold, for in sculpture art is at its calmest and purest.

Anyone will acknowledge that the classics flourish best in an atmosphere of calmness and purity, and therefore that when English artists possess these characteristics, as one may say, by nature, they become eminently, by nature, the exponents of the great thoughts of noble minds—ay, and of the very greatest. There have lived among us a series of wonderful singers, whose voices have uttered the holiest of words wedded to the noblest music. Clara Novello, Charlotte Dolby, Janet Patey, Sims Reeves, Charles Santley, Edward Lloyd, are but a few chief names of a long list that in their day have done the work of preachers in bringing home sacred truths to the minds of vast crowds of human beings—crowds who in many cases would hear them at no other time : an exalted office as well as an arduous and oftentimes thankless calling.

What these great vocalists, English by birth, English by nature, have done for voice-music,

others have done for that which needs an instrument or instruments for its expression. Supreme among English executants was Madame Arabella Goddard, the head and front of that which may be termed the revival of English music in this century.

Although born at St. Servan, she was of English parentage, and showed talent almost in infancy. As a young child she studied with Kalkbrenner, and later on with Mrs. Anderson, pianist to and teacher of the Queen. Thalberg, who was her master—and who, the most rigid player in regard to *technique*, helped to perfect her exquisite style—recommended her to imbibe the spirit of classical music from Mr. J. W. Davison, whose pupil she accordingly became. Thalberg doubtless felt that it needed a mind that was great in itself, apart from music, to imbue the young artist with the thoughts of the great composers. The result proved that he was right. Arabella Goddard was the most faithful and reverent classical player it was possible to hear. Not the faintest hint given of the composer's intent was over-

looked. To hear her play Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Weber, Schubert, and the rest, was to hear their compositions as they manifestly wished them to be played. Still, the lovely touch, the grace, the finish and poise of the most stupendous of mechanical difficulties, enhanced the charm of the composers' ideas, as a beautiful scene in Nature is seen best in stillness—in the glow of sunrise or sunset, or under the white light of an unclouded moon, rather than during a tempest.

There was a peaceful security about Madame Goddard's playing which infected the listener. Yet she had her moments of genius—in other words, of unsought-for effects when inspiration conquers the habit of self-repression necessary in a classical player. The writer will never forget hearing her play the septet of Hummel—perhaps his most poetic work—when she was rehearsing once for a Monday Popular Concert at Messrs. Broadwood's in Great Pulteney Street. In the *scherzo* the wind instruments have the melody, the piano has flights of the most delicately fanciful accompanying arpeggios. The

scherzo that day sounded superhuman, music transcending the music of a workaday world, and the impassioned *allegro* which concludes the work was a fitting climax; there was an *élan*, an abandon about the ascending passages of bravura octaves and chords, which was akin to the passionate utterances of a Rubinstein.

Madame Goddard shared the pianoforte at the 'Monday Populars' with Mr. Charles Hallé, who had adopted England as his country. He was essentially an artist devoted to the interpretation of the musical classics, rather than the executant using them to express his individual emotions. Born in Germany in 1819, he came to England in 1848, and was among the first to take part in the Popular Concerts after their inauguration in 1858. Mr. (later on Sir) Charles Hallé's playing was conspicuous for the very quality which distinguishes English *virtuosi*—purity. His touch was bell-like, and his mechanism was faultless. More conspicuous even than Madame Goddard for his reservation, his determined self-repression—the one flaw in

his marvellously-perfected *technique* was a slight want of accent. Accent is carried to such an extreme by some German musicians that perhaps this careful avoidance of marked rhythm was purposely adopted. As it was, it was essentially suitable to the music of Heller, in which he was heard at his best in his lighter moments.

He it was who made of Manchester a town almost vying with London in its reverence for the great in music, and the English owe to him somewhat of their present distinct musical position in Europe.

Other English artists appeared constantly at the 'Monday Populars'—violinists such as Messrs. Henry Blagrove, Cooper, and Carrodus, and instrumentalists who belong more rightly to a record of the present than of the past; vocalists such as Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Banks, a sweet soprano and gifted artist, the well-known contralto Miss Palmer, and others. In the sixties we also see the names of Messrs. Wilbye Cooper, Weiss, Lewis Thomas and Santley at these concerts. Their

programmes were examples of a catholic taste. Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Bach, and the older classics, were not exclusively given, as it was the fashion to give them at that time in Paris. Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Raff, Rameau—all, indeed, which could be called classical chamber music, was conspicuously present, and Mendelssohn was faithfully performed at regular intervals. In 1861 his magnificent octet, now so seldom heard, was, if we are not mistaken, given more than once. Hummel—also Spohr and others, received due attention. The learned and brilliant critic of the *Athenæum*, Mr. H. F. Chorley, had no occasion to lapse from indignation into bitterness with the caterers for the million, the authorities who drew up the Popular Concert *menus*, as he had with the directors of the Philharmonic Society.

Mr. Henry Fothergill Chorley, who will be referred to later on, was a far-seeing as well as a learned man. Music in England was fortunate indeed in having as her leading critics two men who would have been great as writers on deeper and more vital questions—Mr. J. W. Davison

and Mr. H. F. Chorley. Both critics intended to foster English music and musicians, as well as music in England. And to do this effectually, they seem to have felt that the whole must be dealt with before its part. They must bring the music of the entire world to be the daily bread of the million, before the units would come forth and declare themselves recruits in the new musical army.

Both Mr. Davison in the *Times*, and Mr. Chorley in the *Athenæum*, urged *entrepreneurs* to introduce new works. Already the Crystal Palace concerts, under Mr. Manns, were leading the way in this direction, and Herr Klindworth followed in the orchestral programmes of the Musical Art Union. But the old 'Philharmonic' continued its course of Beethoven, Mozart and Haydn symphonies and the reiterated *concerti* and overtures.

'We may talk, indeed, of the poor *old* Philharmonic concerts,' wrote Mr. Chorley at last. 'It is painful to think that representatives of the liberal and spirited artists who shed comfort on Beethoven's death-bed, who commissioned

such men as Clementi and Spohr, who brought forward Mendelssohn, should have dwindled to monotony and barrenness like this. It is painful to see their association die, not "like a dolphin," as Byron sings, but like a dowager, respectable in apathy.' On another occasion he gave direct advice, recommending the production of Méhul's 'Symphony in G minor,' and adding that 'a couple of columns could be filled by a list of other productions unknown in England, but recognized abroad.'

While upholding British talent, Mr. Chorley welcomed great, and even moderately gifted, foreign artists with open arms. Although he covertly censured Mr. Ella's exclusiveness, and the lionizing of any strange foreign fish which came to his net, as he condemned his programmes and their personal puffs—he was mollified by the fact that new music as well as new artists figured in those historic documents.

But for this redeeming feature in Ella's programmes, anyone familiar with Chorley's fearless and trenchant pen knew that he might hardly have rested until the Musical Union was sub-

merged, together with its director, Mr. Ella, a feat by no means beyond his powers. It is easier to kill a musical enterprise than to give it life.

Meanwhile, the Musical Union concerts were doing distinct work. Until they were established, the aristocracy were not brought in contact with classical music, and had, indeed, drifted into a bad way since the demise of the 'Antient Concerts'—those strictly prim and formal entertainments where applause was awarded by the fluttering of the programmes alone (a pretty conceit in its way, if priggish). With 'Prince Albert,' as he was still entitled, as its President, and titled amateurs as its 'Council' (whether that Council ever met is unknown), it is not wonderful that a very select audience supported Mr. Ella's enterprise, which was the giving of a limited number of quartett concerts after the manner of the Alard and Franchomme or Armingaud and Jacquard societies in Paris, except that instead of one pianist he employed several. These were given during the London season, between April and August, and admirable concerts they

were, the programmes being executed to perfection by all concerned.

Mr. Ella had not always been a concert-director. Born in Thirsk in 1802, he became, when little more than a youth, a fair performer on the fiddle; he himself owned to having been a member of the Queen's private band. But little that is authentic of his biography seems to be known; meanwhile, in some way he became a musical authority in certain aristocratic families, and from one to another extended his *clientèle* until, in 1845, he started his Musical Union.

The concerts were first given in Willis' Rooms—the famous saloons used for Almack's and other balls—great square chambers, elaborately decorated, with long, massive mirrors let into the walls between the satin brocaded draperies of the many windows. There was an air of musty and faded grandeur about these rooms in the daytime. The dust was apt to lie somewhat thickly upon the crystal lustre chandeliers. The audience, however conservative, must have felt relieved when, after much

hesitation and discussion, the concerts were finally established in the then new St. James's Hall.

Here Mr. Ella had a square platform erected in the centre of the hall. It was covered with bright crimson cloth—he always had an eye to effect—and sometimes surrounded with shrubs. The pianoforte was thus as near to the entire audience, who were ranged round in circles of seats all facing the platform, as possible; and about the platform he would hover—a short man, with a big bald head, over which the few hairs left were plastered as landmarks of a former crop; with a Roman nose, prominent chin, overhanging brows, twinkling eyes, and a broad grin—Punch in the flesh. He was careful, if not punctilious, in the matter of dress; and was quite bridegroom-like in his dark-blue frock-coat, light tie, and spotless lavender kid gloves.

To see him at his best was to see him escorting some lady star from abroad to the piano, or seated airily conversing with some important dowager on the front bench, one of

those ladies irreverently termed 'Ella's duchesses' by youthful members of the Union less socially important: or, still better, when he was standing or sitting where he could be the observed of all observers during the performance, beating time, wagging his head, or glancing rapturously upward. Advertising his artists on the programme, he advertised their current performance by acting his admiration. With the exception of a few recusants in the back-seats, Ella's auditors accepted Ella's artists at Ella's valuation.

But Ella was useful. Although he was the avowed enemy of British art—although Arabella Goddard, great artist though she was, was tabooed by him, and, if he could possibly avoid it, no English pianoforte graced his platform—he was an inducement to foreign *virtuosi* to visit England, and English audiences heard many great artists they might never otherwise have known of except by hearsay. For the Musical Union was a bait, a promise of further cheques.

To be in the least interesting to John Ella,

it was necessary, if born on British soil, to be of foreign parentage. Because of her foreign parentage, he was gracious to the writer, who remembers visits to him as a child. He lived then in part of a house in Harley Street. His sitting-rooms were on the ground-floor, his special sanctum two back-rooms communicating with each other—the first a library of music and books relating to music, all minutely catalogued, for he had the gift of order to a remarkable degree; the second lighted by a skylight, under whose merciless light his bald head shone like a billiard-ball: a study, office, or business sitting-room, where an Erard grand was somewhat ostentatiously drawn up on one side, and he sat behind an office table to interview his visitors.

He was nothing if not loquacious, and would hold forth volubly for hours on his various dealings with artists, and on his position in the musical world, being especially anxious to impress his hearers with the fact—or rather, perhaps, idea—that he rather lost by his concerts than otherwise.

‘I pay my artists large sums to come over,’ he would say. ‘If it were not for me, none of you would ever hear the great foreign *virtuosi*. I have actually lost money some seasons. Happily, I have my little patrimony’—magnanimously, thumbs in his waistcoat, eyes blinking, head thrown back—‘and my wants are few. These rooms’—a deprecatory wave of the hand, with a suggestion how he might be lodged were he less disinterested—‘a chop, a glass of sherry, *voilà tout!*’

He spoke feelingly of the ingratitude of artists in general. ‘Would you believe it,’ he would say—with the saddened smile of one who has given his very heart’s blood without acknowledgment—‘I have put hundreds, and in some cases thousands, into their pockets, and they have never even given me the value of a sou. Except young Arthur Napoleon and Rubinstein—a great friend of mine is Rubinstein—they are one and all selfish, selfish to the core!’

Rubinstein—so said a brother artist—was the first to allude to his friend as Punch.

But it is a privilege of friends to be uncere-
monious in such trifles.

At the dinner-table Ella would have been amusing had his anecdotes, often related in fluent, if somewhat Cockney French, been less occupied by his own personality. He sometimes told interesting *mots* of celebrated artists, but his stories-in-chief were of his own prowess. There was a certain tale of his capture of a salmon in Scotland, which lengthened by a few sentences each time of telling. There had been a time when, beginning with the serving of the fish, it was well over by the appearance of the cheese. But the last time the writer had the honour of hearing it, it was barely half through—in fact, Ella had not begun to ‘play’ the monster from his slippery perch among the rocks—when the ladies rose to leave the table.

Only on one occasion did he seem somewhat less buoyant than usual. This was when, in 1867, he was invited to dine with Henselt in Queen Square, where the pianist was staying with his old chum, Karl Mangold. Henselt

failed to understand his French, and there was no other language they could converse in, Henselt being absolutely ignorant of English, and Ella knowing but a few scraps of German. Interpretation was resorted to. But Henselt—who had somewhat obstinately refused to understand Ella's position in London, and had querulously shaken his head, and repeated, '*Was ist dieser Mann und sein Musical Union?*' when he was asked to tolerate his presence at dinner—stared gloomily at the grinning man with the Punch-like physiognomy, and, lapsing into complete silence, stroked his moustache and scowled for the remainder of the evening.

'The most ill-tempered brute I ever sat at table with,' was Ella's account of the great pianist after that experience.

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Another, if a less important, factor in the popularization of music in London was the lengthy entertainment called the 'monster concert.'

The programmes of these were given by a crowd of artists, vocal and instrumental, all, or

nearly all, contributing two numbers. In most cases beginning at one or half-past one o'clock, they would still be in progress at six in the evening. The programmes were polyglot in the matter of musical composers. Beethoven and Bach alternated with the newest pianoforte 'arrangement' or most recent popular ballad, and the vast audience—for, although frequently given in St. James's Hall, on occasions they were held in Drury Lane and other theatres—sat patiently, hour after hour, their applause at the last being scarcely fainter than at the beginning. Chorley and the more fastidious among the critics deprecated these musical festivals *in nuce*, but they are unquestionably entitled to a place among the educators, musically speaking, of the concert-goers whose means would not allow of their attending the Philharmonic, Musical Union, or other expensive entertainments.

They were given by Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. Kuhé, Mr. Howard Glover, and others. According to Mr. Kuhé, they were not particularly remunerative, but we believe that Mr.

Glover counted them among his sources of income.

Whether 'benefit concerts'—private affairs got up by certain artists to sell the tickets among their pupils and friends, and to give away the remainder—were ever more than harmless and ephemeral is a question. Some consider that they have been to a certain extent mischievous, in that they kept some persons, who had only a certain sum to expend in concert-tickets, from attending a far higher class of entertainment. Be this as it may, they still live, and seemingly flourish—for where, in the sixties, one concert of this sort was given, there are now a dozen or a score.

Instrumental 'recitals,' given by artists who have already won their spurs, or who are entitled to win them, are a different affair, and are distinctly educational. They were heralded by the historical pianoforte recitals of Herr Pauer in Willis's Rooms, when he gave specimens of bygone composers audiences knew merely as names, and traced the development of pianoforte music up to the present time; by Mr.

Charles Hallé, who played the whole of Beethoven's sonatas in a series of *matinées* at St. James's Hall ; and by the never-to-be-forgotten Mendelssohn recitals of Madame Arabella Goddard. Mendelssohn, once the idol of amateur pianists, has never been played with more appreciation and grace, with more exquisite ideality. It is a pity such a memory should pass away, that there was no phonograph present to perpetuate those choice and tender modulations, that flowing stream of sound.

CHAPTER VI.

The musical critics and their work—Mr. H. F. Chorley—His birth, parentage, and education—His introduction to London—Established as critic to the *Athenæum*—Ella and Chorley—Virginia Gabriel—Chorley's works—His death—James W. Davison—His gifts and characteristics—Davison and Weist Hill—Messrs. Howard Glover, Desmond Ryan, and Sutherland Edwards—A 'little dinner'—Some of Davison's written opinions—His funeral—Messrs. Gruneisen, Hogarth, and Lincoln—The musical critics of to-day.

SINCE the very first time that any artist or writer made a bid for public favour—and who can say when that was?—'critic' has been to a certain extent an opprobrious word. We do not love those who tell us unpalatable truths. They who are freshly smarting from the lash have from time immemorial labelled their castigators.

Yet, as a body, critics who maintain their position—of course there are spurious, mushroom critics as well as spurious writers, artists, and what-not—are an exceptional race of men.

The critical faculty may be said to be the result of a peculiarly rich organization—for only such a one is equipped for the *rôle*, and can follow it for any length of time—and critics are born as well as made. The musical critic must have a full conception of the ideal in the art he criticizes. He must have a vast memory, a strong power of comparison, and a sensitiveness to the finest and faintest impressions. All this to start with. He must have a huge capacity for work, and continuous, laborious work—for in one way he is a slave to those he criticizes and servant to his editors, and must be as watchful and ready as the ten wise virgins in one. He must listen to everything put before him, good, bad and indifferent. Listen indeed he must—outraged though his finely-cultivated taste may be by the most miserable caricature that has the effrontery to come before the public, and the tares flourish among the wheat: listen,

though his nerves thrill with the torture, and judge—always on the side of mercy, when, as in these days, every aspirant is a hero in his little *coterie*.

Then, when—after braving all weathers and passing from one vitiated atmosphere to another—he must be physically exhausted, he cannot go home and rest like the artists and audience. He must take his place at his desk, oftentimes in the small hours, amid the noise and bustle of a printing-office, and write freshly, brilliantly, as if he were just recruited by sleep and food. There must not be a halting sentence or a failing word—no, nor a slip of the pen—or down upon him will be a disappointed crowd of incipient enemies who have not, they consider, had ‘justice’ from his hands. As well as a super-human brain, which can, like the brook, go on for ever without a moment’s pause, he must have a nervous system which can never be shaken, and the physique of a Hercules. Those who are not thus equipped are soon to be recognized. They are the wounded who drop by the way.

In these days, some of the public have a habit of cavilling at criticisms. Yet, because no unjust critic can exist for a month on any leading journal, the critics are their best friends. They tell them the truth—where to go for their pleasure and benefit, and how they may spend their recreation money to the best advantage. And it is to the critics of the present, who are bravely continuing the work of the critics of the past, that England chiefly owes its growth as a musical country.

It has been shown how there was a time when English composers and compositions and English music and musicians were practically submerged. To be English in music was to be anathema, especially in Great Britain and her dependencies.

The two leading critics of the day—Mr. J. W. Davison of the *Times* and Mr. H. F. Chorley of the *Athenæum*—were, if not altogether the originators of the new movement to awaken English music to a fresh and vigorous life, most certainly its pioneers.

They had a whole full-grown forest of preju-

dice and scepticism to hew down before they could arrive at an open field where England might enter the lists. But they wielded the axe with skill and untiring perseverance, and lived to see the first results of their patriotism.

Mr. Chorley was an extraordinary man, as a cursory glance at his life will show.

For one who was to 'hold his own' in the fashionable world as well as in literary and musical circles, his birth and early training were hardly promising. Although the Chorleys were an old Lancashire family—two members of which were beheaded, and their landed property confiscated, for having gone out with the Stuarts in 1715—when Henry was born they were in far more humble circumstances. Lacking the art of making money, or keeping it, Chorley's father was no exception to his ancestors in this regard; and when he died—probably where Henry was born, at Blackley Hurst, near Billinge—his family became dependent upon Mrs. Chorley's half-brother.

At this time little Henry was but seven years old. Four years later his general education

began. His mother moved to Liverpool, and he and his brothers attended the Royal Institution, where they received a classical training.

A peculiar-looking child, small, fragile, red-headed, badly dressed, and with the nervous habit of blinking his eyes and slightly twitching his lips, which adhered to him through life, he did not inspire his schoolfellows with liking. He was 'nothing much' in class, and he failed utterly in the playground. He was considerably bullied by the rougher boys, to whom he was especially irritating.

He was wont to say, on the occasions when he was betrayed into expansiveness on the subject of his early life and struggles, that his schooldays had sufficient of bitterness in them to provide him liberally with nightmares for his whole succeeding years. And while he was plodding away at Latin and Greek—the latter he found the easier—all his sympathies were magnetized by music. His mother had a sweet voice, although she had had little or no real instruction, but the little boy listened greedily to every sort and kind of music that came in his way,

and was positively fascinated by a certain music-shop which he had passed on his way to and from school, which he haunted and hovered about as long and as often as he dared. Passionately did he wish to be a musician, always and only a musician. But instead of being able to continue the lessons begun with Herr Herrmann, of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, duty—for which he always had a great regard—enforced his acceptance of a clerkship under some American merchants in the town.

As a solace to his mind, tortured by the drudgery of desk-work, he began to write tales, verses, and hymns. Possibly by means of one or more of these sacred effusions, he came to London under the patronage of Archdeacon Wrangham, and this was the turning-point of his career.

He was now twenty-two, a tall, fair, ungainly youth, under whose nervous, quaint reserve and the Quaker-like manner inherited from his parents—who were both of the Society of Friends—lay a small abyss of romantic enthusiasm. The Archdeacon, interested and aroused,

he hardly knew why, by his original *protégé*, took him to breakfast with Basil Montagu, who from that moment became his friend.

In the *coteries* he afterwards frequented he met Miss Maria Jewsbury (Mrs. Fletcher), and she it was who, by introducing him to Mr. C. Wentworth Dilke, the editor of the *Athenæum*, was the actual founder of his future fortunes. In September, 1830, he was commissioned by Mr. Dilke to write the account of the ceremonies to inaugurate the new railway between Liverpool and Manchester ; and in such a style did he execute this mere reporter-work that presently we find his editor lending a willing ear to his suggestion of musical criticisms—papers which showed such conspicuous ability, if not genius, that Chorley soon after left Liverpool for London, and became the critic—very soon the celebrated critic—of the *Athenæum*.

To reperuse the articles he subsequently wrote is to be astonished at not only their critical acumen, their brilliance, point, and nervous incisiveness, but at the extraordinary vitality of the trenchant paragraphs, which

makes them scintillate with life, as if they were utterances of yesterday. He threw himself into his work heart, soul, mind, and strength, and—although he meted out praise to foreign art and artists, when deserved, with no unsparing hand, and wished to see music in England like the spreading tree on whose branches all the birds of the earth might perch and sing—English music was the particular Muse of whom he proved himself the faithful knight.

His personality, to those who knew him but little, was chilling. Tall, spare, pale, with colourless eyelashes shading light gray eyes, he spoke in a high-pitched voice, and, unlike Mr. J. W. Davison, was not as brilliant a speaker as he was a writer.

‘Bah! don’t talk to me of Chorley! He looks like a sick monkey,’ said Professor Ella, who detested him. But however Chorley may have lacked personal beauty, he must have possessed some peculiar charm, for he was to be found among the brave men and lovely women of his day, his society equally courted and desired. And he was able to pick and choose his

entourage. One of his special friends was the accomplished amateur and song-writer, Virginia Gabriel. There was scarcely a musical gathering at her house when, whatever might be going on in the world of concerts and operas, his lanky figure might not be seen leaning up against the door-post, and his somewhat shrill, staccato accents heard, distinguishable amongst the buzz of various voices.

Although a doubter of prodigies and early appearances, he was gentle in his dealings with young artists. He was specially tender in his treatment of the writer, whom he considered too young for life in public, quoting the well-known Italian saw, '*Chi va piano, va sano e anche lontano.*' 'Young lady,' he said, smiling, 'you will go far *if* you are not in a hurry'—advice which is applicable to students and all young artists generally—who have not wings, being human, to fly to the top rung of the ladder.

At the time when he was to be seen at every sort and kind of musical entertainment, as his duty demanded, he was to be met in most

private literary and artistic gatherings of considerable note ; and in addition to his constant lengthy contributions to the *Athenæum*, he was writing for the *New Quarterly* and *British Foreign Reviews*, for *Bentley's Miscellany*, the *People's Journal*, and *Ferrol's Magazine*, and found time to write novels which did *not* succeed, and a five-act play, 'Old Love and New Fortune,' which, brought out at the Surrey Theatre, *did*.

So did his books, 'Modern German Music' and 'Thirty Years' Musical Recollections'; and—although he was pretty severely handled on the subject of his book for Bennett's 'May Queen'—his *libretti* for Wallace's 'Amberwitch,' Leslie's 'Judith' and 'Holyrood,' Benedict's 'St. Cecilia,' Sullivan's 'Kenilworth,' and the not-yet-performed 'Sapphire Necklace,' were duly successful. He also furnished the English *libretto* of Gounod's 'Faust,' and so nervously anxious was he that the words should be exactly given, that he was seen writhing in agonies in the wings the night of the opera's first appearance in English dress, because the great English

‘Faust,’ Mr. Sims Reeves, was not so letter-perfect as he was dulcet of voice and admirable in intonation.

As critic he had his prejudices. Widely sympathetic to all that was of English or British origin, taking native composers to his heart—from those who are now mere names, down to the latest—he disliked, at times almost abhorred, Schumann. Whether the rough monotony of that sweetest of melodists’ rhythm jarred upon his fastidiously-delicate taste cannot be said. In any case, he failed to appreciate one who was essentially a tone-poet.

Residing at first with a great friend, for twenty years he lived, alone, in Eaton Place West. *À propos* of this final move, a story is told which shows him to have been subject at certain moments to a grim facetiousness. The agent who was showing him the house deprecated the narrowness of its passages. ‘Never mind,’ said Chorley dryly; ‘I shall require a very narrow coffin.’ ‘I have sold a good many leases of houses, sir,’ said the agent, somewhat taken aback, ‘but I never heard a gentleman make

such an observation before.' Yet much important work was done before the narrow coffin was carried to its last resting-place. Henry Fothergill Chorley died February 16, 1872, aged sixty-four.

The other great critical star of the musical world at that time was as individual, as original, as Chorley, but was possessed of a more daring genius. James W. Davison, who was appointed to the position of musical critic of the *Times* when that journal was practically the first in the world, was instantaneous in judgment, and utterly fearless in that judgment's enunciation. His was a mind whose great forces acted with lightning rapidity, and must have been hard to hold in check. As it was, his articles in the *Times* were generally outbursts of eloquence. Being so marvellous a speaker, holding his hearers spellbound for hours when he was 'in the vein,' he might be said to have been the reporter of his own unuttered speeches rather than a mere writer.

Although the humble recorder of these memories had the honour of his personal friend-

ship—leaving music as a profession to take up the pen at his advice, and first writing under his editorship—there are others to whom a fitting record of his life should be left. It is sufficient to add here that he was born in October, 1813, and that his mother, before she married Mr. Davison, an English squire, was known and admired as the clever and beautiful actress, Miss Duncan.

The portrait of Davison's mother shows a woman of graceful form and gracious presence, whose classic face beams with intellect, and whose eyes must have been as eloquent as her son's. To the end Davison spoke of his mother with reverence and admiration ; to her he may have owed much of his wealth of resource, and certainly his electric spontaneity.

Like Byron, Davison suffered from a slight lameness. This may have been rather a help than a hindrance in his literary life ; for those who knew him felt that to his energetic and buoyant temperament an outdoor life, had he been of a more athletic build, must have proved a great attraction. In person he was of middle

height, with a fine head and a characteristic face—the outstanding sharp-cut nose which among noses is termed ‘the clever,’ and with dark-blue eyes, clear and sparkling as sapphires and twinkling with humour.

Musician as well as writer, he composed, and in some instances published, a number of pieces, classical in character, scholarly in treatment, but entirely inferior to his literary offspring. His taste was first and foremost the old masters. Bach was thoroughly congenial to his mind; he would spend hours playing the fugues. Beethoven he was the first to establish here on a firm basis. Meanwhile, he delighted in Mendelssohn, and to Mendelssohn he remained faithful till death; no newer light eclipsed his in Davison’s mind.

Of all Mendelssohn’s works, his favourites may be said to have been the ‘Scottish Symphony,’ the *lieder*—and the fiery and impetuous octet, played so frequently at the Monday Popular Concerts in the sixties, and now, alas! so seldom heard. In one instance the performance of the ‘Scottish Symphony’

with great preparation and minute care, brought about a reconciliation between James Davison and a former *protégé* of his, Weist Hill. When the Alexandra Palace was first opened, there were weekly orchestral concerts given on Saturdays by a band of excellent, in some cases fresh and talented, young musicians who have since made their mark in the musical world, under the *bâton* of the well-known violinist—later chief of the Guildhall School of Music—Weist Hill. As these were Saturday afternoon performances, and therefore clashing with the long-established concerts at the Crystal Palace, Davison did not feel it his bounden duty to forsake the older for the newer enterprise. However, one afternoon the *pièce de résistance* in the Alexandra Palace programme was the so-called ‘Scottish Symphony,’ and a mutual friend of Davison and Weist Hill persuaded the former to go. He went, heard, and was conquered. The writer, who sat by him, watched his growing enthusiasm, until at the close he cried with the *abandon* of a boy, ‘I never heard a finer performance in my whole life!’

Afterwards, he went to the conductor's room and shook Weist Hill warmly by the hand. The artist deserved the tribute. Weist Hill's 'strings' were unsurpassed, and he was a daring musician. Mendelssohn, personally so well balanced, was, in the matter of *tempi*, somewhat reckless of consequences. He it was who radically, and it may be said chronically, quickened the *allegro* to a *presto*, the *presto* to *prestissimo*. Weist Hill took the quicker movements of the symphony at Mendelssohnian speed, but emerged triumphantly, covered with glory. Not a note was lost, not a phrase was slurred.

Leading the world of amateurs—some of whom, believing in the opinions of the *cognoscenti*, read their *Times* before hearing the artists or compositions criticized—Davison was unconsciously the king among the lesser critics of the day. Of course, where two such critical autocrats as Chorley and Davison co-existed in a capital, it could scarcely be expected that they would fraternize, but preserve, as indeed they did, an armed neutrality, uniting their forces on

occasion against some common enemy. But Davison, both in and outside concert-room or opera, was surrounded by a little knot of courtiers who were his faithful listeners and adherents—supporting his dictum, although, in those days of the absolute and almost unbounded supremacy of the *Times* newspaper, he could well have stood alone, even against a cabal of antagonists.

His marked features and restless dark head could generally be seen near to the ruddy, good-humoured face of Howard Glover, of the *Morning Post*—himself a musician England has good reason to be proud of—who also wielded a brilliant pen, and who inherited a natural Irish wit from his parents. (His mother was the well-known actress.) Not far away one would be certain to catch sight of the frizzy dark hair, somewhat solemn, professor-like visage, and spectacles of Desmond Ryan, the sparkling writer on music in more than one journal of repute.

In later years Mr. Sutherland Edwards, who has distinguished himself as an author in other

subjects as well as music, was one of Davison's close friends. He it was who once remained last with his friend throughout a long night's vigil at the author's house, when Davison talked literally from early evening till the winter dawn. The gifted man did not add to his many qualities the faculty of being punctual. As a guest he had long been considered as hopeless—when he was invited to dinner generally arriving when the latest lingerer at dessert had joined the ladies in the drawing-room.

On this occasion—a little dinner to a chosen few, among whom were Mr. Sutherland Edwards and Mr. George Grossmith—he had amiably commissioned his brother, Mr. William Duncan Davison, to fetch and escort him to his destination. However, Mr. W. D. Davison arrived alone and rueful. Adjourning 'home,' he had found the bird flown. After a short period of waiting, hosts and guests sat down to dinner, disappointed. When the sweets were served, there was a knock at the door, followed by a slight altercation with a cabman, who had been driving Davison round the Park in the

darkness, and who expected a fancy payment for the impromptu drive. Dinner was served to Davison, but he began to talk ; and he never talked better, for, with the interval of a few of Mr. Grossmith's songs, which he greatly enjoyed, he talked through the night. One by one the guests slipped away, especially when metaphysics became the topic, and the Dialogues of Plato, and Socrates according to Xenophon and Plato, were closely discussed. Between five and six a.m. some dozed. Between six and seven breakfast became an essential, and after a 'scratch' meal Davison, still as fresh as Socrates after an all-night symposium, passed out into the gray light of the chill winter dawn, accompanied by his faithful friends.

The habit of turning night into day was, perforce, his to a fault. After a day's concerts and an evening at the opera, he would adjourn to a favoured tavern—the Albion—near to the opera-houses, to write those marvellous articles which seemed to issue newly-alive from his untired brain, and which a few hours later delighted thousands of readers at the breakfast-

table ; and there he remained till his work was done.

In re-perusing these astonishing essays, one is struck by their prophetic tendency, no less than by the modernity of their style: and in those days of lengthy divagations—of the popularity of the long-winded and inflated—their terse and vigorous grip is amazing. Collected, they would be an invaluable musical history, if not a lesson to all students—and would read with a new significance.

Davison has been accused of prejudice. With temperaments of such fiery enthusiasm, an occasional bias of opinion is inevitable. But with him it was the exception rather than the rule. It was his effort, his endeavour—as he himself said when he was about to hear a new work or a new artist—to keep his mind strictly a *tabula rasa*. In some cases he forced himself to deaden his musical palate, for there were great artists and works submitted to his criticism, whose mannerisms, or perhaps even theories, were entirely obnoxious to his taste. As he himself writes, in January, 1861: ‘Artists of

the highest class, with the stamp of individuality upon them, should be accepted in good faith, idiosyncrasies and all.' This was his own motto, written for himself as well as for others. Like all other great critics in literature and art, he valued originality, individuality, above and beyond all other qualities—that stamp of the Creator, who creates no double in Nature, upon the creature. To this hall-mark of immortality he was willing to sacrifice much—all, indeed, but the fixed principles of art. When there was a suspicion of anarchy—of reversal of the accepted rule strengthened by the assent of centuries of great minds—he halted and drew rein. He never accepted Richard Wagner.

From first to last his columns in the *Times* show a firm, fixed belief in the promise of a rise of English music to the highest attainable level. Even then, thirty, forty, fifty years ago, when English musicians were rarities, and when budding talent which is common enough now was welcomed as an exception, he trusted in the future.

Of an English orchestra (that of the Musical

Society, under the conductorship of Alfred Mellon) he wrote, early in the sixties: 'There are elements of capability in our orchestral players which endow them with a marked preference over their foreign contemporaries. The most illustrious composers of modern Germany—Weber, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer—have acknowledged the quickness and intelligence of our orchestras, their "vigour of attack" and general breadth of style, which, combined with the rich quality of tone brought from their instruments—a tone attributed by some to the instruments themselves, by others to the superior energy of the players—invests their performance with a peculiar spirit and charm, to which no parallel can be cited abroad.'

Yet he deprecated the possibility of English instrumentalists—who in those days had to toil to support an outward show not expected of German musicians in Germany—ever attaining the *ensemble* of, for instance, the orchestra of the Gewandhaus in Leipzig. Nothing, he felt, could 'do' but constant rehearsal, day after day, that daily playing together which, after long

years, gave the Crystal Palace orchestra almost the consonance of a huge single instrument.

He would have seen the solution of this difficulty in the establishment of great musical academies where orchestral practice proceeds in an unbroken flow from year's end to year's end. But, unhappily, he passed away before the revival of British musical feeling—of which he was the head and front—had set in in its full force.

Then, solitary units laboured somewhat cheerlessly away in smoky London, discouraged by the feeling that, however hard they might work, the public would never believe in them as in their foreign brethren, or in some luckier English students who had studied at Leipzig, Milan, Paris, or Cologne. Now there are scores of rising young artists in Tenterden Street and the Royal College of Music, and hundreds at the Guildhall School, who will be warmly welcomed on their first appearance by a public anxious to be pleased, hoping that they will pass through the initial trial with success. And this change was principally brought about by the

great critics of the past, and is supported by the critics of the present.

British composers in Davison's day had more κῦδος abroad than at home. Between Sterndale Bennett and his critic friend there was a true and lasting sympathy. Davison yearned to see the gifted Englishman recognized by the public as he recognized him, and when on one occasion Bennett's 'Concerto in C minor,' performed at a concert of the Musical Society, roused more enthusiasm than the music composed by an Englishman was wont to do, he wrote, in elation :

‘It was gratifying to find the work of an English musician absolutely creating a sensation in the midst of so many foreign master-works.’ (The programme included a symphony of Beethoven's, and works by Weber, Spohr and Mendelssohn.) ‘Professor Bennett's concerto passed the ordeal in triumph. Better still, it merits all the favour it elicited, being nothing less than a master-work itself. . . . The andante, about which Robert Schumann wrote so eloquently when the concerto was performed by

the composer at the Gewandhaus concerts, made the most impression.'

Yet, patriotic as he was, Davison recognized foreign talent at once, and in generous terms. Although he felt as strongly against immaturity as even Chorley did, and thought it a duty to young artists to discourage their elders from trading upon their talents to the detriment of their future, he was the first to assert the exceptional character of Adelina Patti's wealth of gifts, when as a mere child she startled London opera-goers by her *début* as Amina in 'La Sonnambula' on May 14, 1861. On May 15 he wrote :

'She has a high soprano voice, equal, fresh, and telling in every note of the medium : the upper E flat, and even F, at ready command : admirable accentuation of the words, considerable flexibility, dashing and effective use of "bravura" ; expression warm, energetic and varied, while never exaggerated ; and last, but not least, an intonation scarcely ever at fault : such were the valuable qualities that revealed themselves in turn during the execution of

Amina's well-known apostrophe to her companions on the auspicious day that is to unite her to Elvino, and which raised the house to positive enthusiasm. . . . Mademoiselle Adelina Patti's first essay was a veritable triumph, and her ultimate success is thus placed without a doubt.'

But the critic had his informal moments. Towards the end of one of the summer concert seasons he wrote :

'St. James's Hall has been "warbling," "scraping," "blowing" and "thumping" all the week. A perpetual concert was held. Luckily, every entertainment was not of sufficient public interest to call for record.'

It is strange to re-write the warmly-uttered words that issued years ago from lips long since cold in the grave. Davison seldom thought, felt or spoke without the intensity which, long-continued, wrecks the nerves. Although the fatigue and wear and tear of a musical critic's life in the mid-century was as naught to what it is now, Davison's temperament, marvellously elastic as it was, gradually succumbed to the

exigencies of his *rôle*. Some years before his comparatively premature death in the eighties, he retired from active work, merely retaining the editorship of the *Musical World*, a weekly paper. He passed away somewhat unexpectedly—at all events to his London friends—at Margate or Ramsgate. He was buried in Brompton Cemetery. As the oaken coffin, covered with flowers and followed by his sorrowing widow—the celebrated pianist and his faithful pupil—leaning on the arm of her tall young son, was borne into the mortuary chapel—which was filled with a crowd of friends in deepest mourning, bearing wreaths and floral tributes—it was hard to believe that one so short a time ago full of life and intellect, restless and passionate as in youth, lay stilled and silenced for ever in this world; and the pathos of the great change was keenly felt that day by even the most superficial and unthinking.

James Davison lies in a pleasant spot—near to many he knew in life. Above his grave is a tree, in spring the resort of the young birds, who practise their first songs above the dust and

ashes of one whom Berlioz called 'the greatest critic in the world.'

* * * * *

Contemporaneous with these two magnates were certain clever men who were neither in one groove nor the other. Among them, a somewhat captious censor of whatever irked him, was Mr. Gruneisen, nicknamed 'Diogenes' by certain refractory spirits; Mr. Hogarth, father-in-law of Charles Dickens, was a veteran among journalists; and Mr. Lincoln succeeded him as musical critic of the *Daily News* and *Illustrated London News*. Mr. Lincoln, who retired from an active journalistic life some years since, is a profound musician as well as a graceful and charming writer. While his musical taste was of the severest—he delighted in playing Bach: Bach's *solis*, duets, and triple concertos were quite his ordinary musical *menu*—his sympathies, and these had play when he wielded the pen, were expansive. Whatever was good in any way, old or new, met with justice from one of the most conscientious of men.

These were the critics of the immediate past. After brave service they have either passed away into the great silence, or have retired into a well-earned rest. Most of them are no longer here to help on the great work they had so much at heart, but their successors work manfully, and are men of iron will fitted to their work, for they hold on.

Chief among the supporters of English music stands Mr. Joseph Bennett, of the *Daily Telegraph*. In himself a cyclopædia of learning—a man with a prodigious memory who has given his life and strength to his mission—his pen is a marvel of incisiveness and point. While by his ready eulogies he has encouraged great artists from all parts of the world to visit and revisit our shores—a great desideratum to the musical progress of England—our national progress is his watchword. No English executant is insignificant in his eyes, no project too obscure or enterprise too unimportant for his notice. One might almost expect ‘English Music’ to be found engraven on his heart, like ‘Calais’ upon the heart of a certain queen.

Facile princeps among musical writers of the day—as his friend James Davison prognosticated that he would be—Mr. Bennett shines among a galaxy of more or less accomplished writers on the art : Mr. H. F. Frost, of the *Athenæum* and *Standard*, a learned theorist and one of our finest organists ; Mr. Klein ; Mr. C. A. Barry ; and the indefatigable and energetic Mr. Percy Betts, who, winning his spurs as the witty ‘Cherubino’ of the once popular *Figaro*—popular by means of the brilliant humour of the saucy page—is now the serious critic who succeeded Mr. Lincoln on the *Daily News* and James Davison on the *Graphic*. Mr. Betts has the useful faculty of learning fresh facts before anyone else on the press, and, what is still more important, his red-hot news is seldom beside the mark. He likewise turns up smiling, ready for more exertion, when most others, exhausted, are inclined to cry ‘Hold ! enough !’ As a mere lad, he ably seconded Davison in his crusade for England, and many an established British composer or executant has reason to-day to bless his pen.

Last but not least, mention must be deferentially made of Mr. Fuller Maitland, whose erudite and exquisite style is so agreeable to the most fastidious literary mind, that if one happens to differ from his tenets, one is apt to forget the fact. There are, in addition to this strong force of musical writers, several new recruits, who—for the most part writing anonymously—are at present unknown to critical history. But one, Mr. R. S. Hichens, has already distinguished himself in general literature, and particularly in fiction.

It may indeed be stated, without fear of refutation, that England stands pre-eminent in its musical press. That our writers on the art are conspicuously free from the prejudice ascribed to critics in general by those who love a summary without preliminary reasoning, is self-evident. The reader has only to consult the entire press immediately after the production of a novelty, to be struck by the general unanimity of a number of minds of different taste and feeling, of varied culture, attainments and antecedents.

CHAPTER VII.

Two remarkable prodigies—Anton Rubinstein—His boyhood—Incident on the Rhine—His student life—Visits to England—Chorley on Rubinstein—An eventful *soirée*—Subsequent career.

IN the life of every artist, be he painter, sculptor, poet, or musician, there will be certain landmarks by which he reckons the several eras of his existence more than by years, or ordinary events. Looking back, however obscure or misty events in general may seem, these extraordinary hours or days flash out with a light all their own. They were decisive moments in this all too brief and fleeting passage through a lowly planet ; they changed the current of our lives, although we may have little dreamt it at the time.

Among the very first of these supreme and emotional episodes in the writer's musical life was a certain *soirée*, a 'recital' given by two youths, violinist and pianist. They were in part prodigies: the pianist had already 'toured,' and been welcomed as full of promise, in Germany, Holland, and other Northern countries. But the young violinist was unknown to fame.

The most careful and minute research fails to find any printed record of a *soirée* on which the genius of both these now great and recognized artists made one of its first indelible impressions. But it must have taken place in the early fifties, and would seem to have been at the Hanover Square Rooms.

The first piece in the programme was, if memory does not deceive, a violin sonata of Beethoven, most probably the 'Kreutzer.' The two mere lads had but a faint welcome as they came upon the platform, the violinist with an awkward shamle and bow—he was a gawky lad, with a grim, short-sighted expression on his thick, somewhat heavy features, and as he

bowed and began tuning his fiddle, a thick lock of dark hair tumbled over his broad snub nose. The young pianist had a flat, leonine face ; and the suggestion of the lion in his wide, massive brow was accentuated as he gazed around with his keen gray eyes—a slightly ferocious glance—while he played a few subdued chords.

The pair—the pianist looked decidedly older than the ungainly young fiddler—were not prepossessing until they began to play. Then that indescribable chill—hardly a shiver, more an emotional flutter of gratified surprise—stirred the audience. At such moments a crowd seems to sway slightly, as corn in a faint breeze. In those first full rich tones of the piano, in those first pure, searching notes of the young fiddler's instrument, the auditors knew these were no mere boys, as they seemed, but past-masters of their art.

It was a stirring evening. One surprise followed another ; one effect seemed greater than the last. While the lion-faced young pianist maintained his fierce expression and cold unconcern, and the violinist's lumpish visage

seemed more and more somnolent—his eyes, indeed, seemed to recede into his head as the performance proceeded—there was a youthful fire, a passion of enthusiasm, about their feats that ended by creating a *furor*. The audience rose to them at the end, and seemed unwilling to end their first acquaintance with the extraordinary prodigies there and then. The writer, at that time a young child struggling with the difficulties of Beethoven's pianoforte concertos as unsuccessfully as one of tender age with infantine fingers may be expected to struggle, felt half suffocated with mingled wonder, admiration, and despair, and remained so for a long time afterwards.

The youthful fiddler was Joseph Joachim; the pianist, Anton Rubinstein, one of the very greatest musicians of the century. Born in Russian Bessarabia in the November of 1829 or 1830, he was, as so many great composers and executants have been, of Hebrew origin. Shortly after his birth, his parents removed to Moscow, where first his mother, then the composer Villoing, were his instructors. When the

young Anton was nine or ten, Villoing took him to Paris, where Liszt advised them to proceed to Germany. This master and pupil accordingly did—and the name of Rubinstein was identified with a phenomenon in the way of musical prodigies in that most *dilettante* of countries.

It was during this lengthened tour that the pair were met travelling on a Rhine steamer by a London professor. It was in the height of summer, and the sunlit river, with its beautiful vine-clad mountains, was being gazed at from the deck by most of those on board. The cabins were deserted except by a thin, grim-faced boy with a broad, overhanging brow and close-shut, unchildlike lips, who sat at a table hour after hour alone, practising finger exercises with stoical patience on one of those folding keyboards—‘dumb pianos’—more in use abroad, for students, than here.

Something about the pale, peculiar-looking boy touched the professor, who was a German ; who had himself endured the unsuspected agonies of studentship not so many years back,

and was tender-hearted. He could not enjoy his beloved Rhineland while that silent boy was wearily plodding away at his dumb piano alone in the heated cabin. He went backwards and forwards, up and down, until at last he summoned courage enough to speak to him and to ask him to spare himself for an interval—at least to go on deck for a few minutes and glance at the beauties of the river.

But the boy was proof against persuasion. Shaking his shaggy head, he glanced at his dumb piano with an inscrutable smile.

‘This won’t wait,’ said Anton Rubinstein quaintly ; ‘the other will.’

It is this element of dogged will-power which develops talent until we have the perfect, full-blown genius which dominates the crowd. No superfluity of artistic gifts, no overflow of natural talent will make a great artist—without that absolute determination to be the slave of music, the drudge to the Muse, which Anton Rubinstein possessed in such an enormous degree.

In 1844 his parents took both him and his

younger brother Nicholas to Berlin, where they saw Meyerbeer. It was by his advice that Anton became the pupil of Siegfried Dehn, the composer and writer on music, to whose pen, it seems, we owe a large part of Fétis' Dictionary. Dehn was a successful master; he had many eminent pupils, among them Glinka, the composer. Rubinstein remained with him some time. But it is in 1846 we find him teaching in Vienna and Pressburg, and nominated *Kammervirtuoso* to the Grand-Duchess Helen of Russia. In the early fifties Rubinstein had already written many important works; yet whether because of his diffidence or their belief that there was still undeveloped inspiration in him, his patrons—the Grand-Duchess Helen and Count Wielhorski—advised his return to Germany and further study in 1854, and themselves found funds for the expedition.

A certain restlessness appears to have affected Rubinstein about this time. We find him wandering from Germany to France, from France to England, concert-giving; trying his musical offspring first in one country, then in

another. Was it that he felt a greater power animating him than that which he had already shown, that he doubted whether the works he had already composed—works which included the ‘Ocean Symphony’ and other things equally great—were to be accepted as the real utterance of this dominating spirit? A Titan, Rubinstein was as self-contained as the Titans of art and science so often are. In fact, his silence and expressionlessness were Sphinx-like. Few can tell what he actually felt during his art-life, or what he really thought.

In 1857 he played one of his own concertos at the Philharmonic, and although amateurs were not unboundedly enthusiastic, and some critics were cold while others waxed unkind, Chorley wrote of him that he was ‘a master of the very highest order. His playing,’ continues that fastidious, at times even captious, critic, ‘is grand without coarseness, brilliant without limit, expressive without exaggeration, easy, yet never licentious—a master’s playing.’ This was in 1857. When the artist, who certainly showed a tendency to hover about London,

visited England in 1858 and played Weber's 'Concertstück' at the fifth concert of the Old Philharmonic, Chorley appeared equally fascinated by his playing, on which he commented thus: 'Dashing, fiery, and forcible throughout, the last movement was taken with whirlwind speed.' But in 1859 the great critic was even more impressed.

'Rubinstein,' he writes, 'has, as well as a plenitude of force and fire, a delicacy hardly equalled in our recollection' (yet he had heard Chopin and Thalberg). 'To ourselves, there is a vigour, an interest, and a mastery in his execution. There is nothing small in his proceedings, nothing *ad captandum*.'

In 1859 Rubinstein gave an orchestral concert on his own account at the Hanover Square Rooms. Having had a great reception at the Philharmonic Society's concerts, and having excited the Musical Union audiences until, startled out of their wonted calm, even the young ladies present applauded him vehemently, he was naturally led to expect that he would at least command a sufficient public to pay the expenses,

although an orchestra, even for one night, is a costly affair. But he was disappointed. The concert was well advertised and 'billed' beforehand, but there were hardly any applications for tickets. The day approached, and the manager—fearful lest the performance would be given to empty benches—invited the leading members of the musical profession and those among amateurs who were not in a position to purchase half-guinea tickets, to be present.

But even then, Rubinstein, entering the well-filled orchestra, *bâton* in hand, saw but a meagre audience. He stopped short, gave a comprehensive glance around the half-empty concert-room, bowed, took his place at the conductor's desk, and began that memorable performance.

From the moment he lifted his *bâton* to the end of the programme—which mainly consisted of his own works—he seemed to sway the wills of all present. The band followed his beat like one man. The audience sat motionless, but not unmoved. They had most of them heard that 'Ocean Symphony' before, if not at the Philharmonic, at a concert of Klindworth's; but not

played like this, each man in the orchestra striving to do his best, as if his very life depended upon his performance. The first movement over, the whole of those assembled rose and cheered. They were deeply stirred. At such moments analysis is impossible. They could not have told whether they cheered Rubinstein the composer, or Rubinstein the conductor, or Rubinstein the pianist, or unsupported concert-giver, or, as was probably the case, all in one. But he had gripped their sympathies, he held their hearts as he held his *bâton*, and they cried out—that spontaneous admission of being under the power of another which means so much.

Whether that iron man was affected by this outburst of involuntary homage, perhaps even those nearest him—the players in the orchestra—could not have told. There might have been a contraction of the pupils, a grimmer tightening of the thin, firm lips—that was all. Meanwhile, the mental intoxication grew. Recalled and shouted at time after time at the close of the symphony, the concerto—his second—heard in

the hush which follows such an ebullition of feeling, seemed to rouse an even greater rage of enthusiasm. It was well for the mental balance of all present that there was a singer, Mademoiselle Artôt, who had to be patiently heard—although it was a hard task for even so clever a young artist to intervene between the magnet and the magnetized. At the close of this extraordinary scene, never certainly surpassed in England, if repeated, Rubinstein played his transcription of the march in ‘The Ruins of Athens,’ where—commencing in so faint a *pianissimo* that ears must strain to hear the theme—he gave a gradual *crescendo*, a prolonged increase of sound as of an advancing army, until the march was thundered out with all that vast volume of tone at his command, dying away afterwards with a *diminuendo* as astonishing as the *crescendo*.

An ovation followed, people standing on the seats and shouting themselves hoarse. Long before it subsided, Rubinstein left the building.

After that night, when he failed to attract the general public, Rubinstein was somewhat

shy of England. In recent years he was applauded by the crowd, as he was applauded then by the connoisseurs—but a great onward step of music in this country had been taken between his appearances in 1859 and his appearances in and after 1870.

Meanwhile, he had made triumphant tours through Europe and the United States. He may be said to have founded the St. Petersburg Conservatoire, of which, at intervals, he was the director. He was decorated and ennobled by the Czar, who gave him a pension of 3,000 roubles; he was showered with complimentary degrees and addresses and what-not. The over-worked lad, who enjoyed no youth as less gifted beings enjoy it—who once sat grimly pounding at his dumb piano in the close cabin of the Rhine steamer that sultry summer day instead of breathing the fresh air and watching the natural beauty on deck—was true to the grave purpose of his life. He might have had a peaceful, honoured, and pleasurable old age; he preferred to die in harness, as an example to those who will follow after him.

CHAPTER VIII.

A musical season thirty years ago—The opera-houses and principal concerts—English vocalists—Pablo Sarasate—‘Angelina’—Virginia Gabriel—The Earl of Dudley—His life as musical amateur, etc.—Lord Dudley and Hiram Power—The ‘Greek Slave’—Mr. F. H. Cowen—Mr. Tom Hohler—The Marchioness of Downshire—Mrs. Sargood—Mrs. Sargood’s musical evenings—Sergeant Sleigh, Sir George and Lady Lewis, Miss Amelia B. Edwards, Miss Hosmer, Mr. Home, etc.—Dr. Black—Dr. Black and the Erard pianofortes—The great medal of the Exhibition of 1851—*Soirée* at Dr. Black’s—Miss Elizabeth Philp—A musical tour in Cornwall.

PERHAPS the exact value of the present active condition of the art in Great Britain may be better appreciated if a slight sketch be attempted of a musical season over thirty years ago.

In the early sixties opera prospered. As well

as the Italian opera at Covent Garden under Mr. Gye, Mr. Mapleson was flourishing at the now defunct Her Majesty's Theatre, and the Pyne and Harrison Company gave English performances between the Italian seasons at Covent Garden. Grisi was taking her semi-final farewells, and 1861 saw the *début* of Adelina Patti. 'Faust' was brought out at both opera-houses in 1863, Titiens, then in her prime, being a most convincing Margherita. Miolan-Carvalho's conception of the *rôle* was pure and simple, but Teresa Titiens' Margherita was the Gretchen of Goethe.

The orchestral societies were bravely contending for public favour. Oratorios were given by the Sacred Harmonic Society at Exeter Hall; the Old Philharmonic clung to its classical traditions, and, ignoring the personal remarks of Davison and Chorley, continued its placid course of Beethoven, Mozart, and Haydn, with occasional dips into Mendelssohn and Weber; the New Philharmonic was doing its best to give varied programmes which would please both the public and the press; the Musical

Society won the golden opinions of Davison and others by its admirable orchestra under Alfred Mellon, and its spirit of enterprise; the Musical Art Union, under Mr. Klindworth, brought out work after work until then new to English audiences; and the Vocal Association and Leslie's Choir supplemented the Sacred Harmonic Society in the matter of choral displays.

There were, as chamber concerts, the 'Monday Populars' and Ella's Musical Union; Klindworth, Blagrove, and Daubert's concerts after the manner of the Alard and Franchomme or Armingaud and Jacquard *soirées* in Paris; and Hallé's Beethoven recitals. Benefit concerts went on both at the various 'Rooms' and St. James's Hall, as well as in private drawing-rooms lent to artists for the purpose by important patrons; and twice or thrice, even oftener in the season, monster concerts lasting five or six hours were given by Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. Kuhé, Mr. Howard Glover, or Mr. Tennant, the singer.

Musard's Promenade Concerts were followed in due course by those given by Mr. Louis

Jullien (son of the celebrated *entrepreneur*), and on Saturdays Londoners who cared sufficiently for music to travel some distance by rail in its pursuit, found plenty to attract them to the Crystal Palace.

With so many concerts, there were comparatively few performers. Where there are a score of singers and instrumentalists now, there were then but two or three. The same names occur again and again in programmes ; and this does not apply merely to foreign visiting artists, but to British talent.

Indeed, although instrumentalists were mostly from other shores, the vocalists who procured the best engagements were, as a rule, English. While pianists such as Lubeck, Boscovitch, Nicolas Rubinstein, Alfred Jaell and others, and the violinists Vieuxtemps, Ole Bull, Strauss, Wieniawski, etc., were the visiting instrumental 'stars,' we find among the leading and most prominent vocalists Madame Lemmens-Sherington, Miss Banks, Madame Parepa, Miss Palmer, Miss Whytock (Madame Patey), Madame Guerrabella (Miss Geneviève Ward),

and Madame Sainton Dolby ; of course, Mr. Sims Reeves, when health permitted ; also Messrs. W. H. Cummings, Wilbye Cooper, Santley, Lewis Thomas, and Weiss, some of whom still live and still sing.

Among the junior visitors from abroad occurs the now celebrated name of Pablo Sarasate. Early in 1861 Mr. Chorley wrote in the *Athenæum*: ‘Senor Sarasate, a young violin-player who has made some sensation in Paris, is announced to visit London.’ During the season the young Spaniard duly appeared at the unpretending benefit-concert of a Miss Billing, but—and ambitious violin students may take heart at the fact—without attracting any particular notice or obtaining any special eulogium. In the reviews of the performance, Sarasate is spoken of as showing high promise ; but evidently the development of his wonderful gifts was the work of years.

This was music in public. But much music was made in private, notably at the houses of the foremost amateurs.

Among those who will long be remembered

were two ladies—one a pianoforte-player, the other a composer.

The fair pianist's identity was veiled under the pseudonym of ‘ Angelina.’ She modestly appeared in aid of charitable purposes, without preliminary flourish of any kind, but always with a success which created comment, and which led to much talk in musical circles. It was whispered among musicians that Angelina had only to appear in public to eclipse the acknowledged and established favourites on her instrument. Her warmest admirers—the writer has heard her playing discussed with many shades of feeling between excessive enthusiasm and decided animus—were to be found among professional musicians, who compared her, amongst others, with Wilhelmina Clauss and Madame Schumann. ‘ Angelina ’ was essentially a poetical player. Her tone was lovely, her grace undeniable, her phrasing that of a great artist. What she might have become remains an unsolved problem. She appeared, shone, and vanished like a comet.

This peculiar attribute of romantic charm was

scarcely a quality possessed by the amateur composer, Miss Virginia Gabriel, who has been already alluded to as a friend of Chorley's. Virginia Gabriel was, we believe, the only daughter of General Gabriel, and was born at Banstead, Surrey, in February, 1825. The writer became acquainted with her in 1861, when, still unmarried, she was residing with her father in Wilton Place, the centre of quite a little court of appreciators. In person tall and slight, her countenance was agreeable and intellectual. Her features were aquiline, her eyes calm and thoughtful. A constant and persevering student, she was faithful to her inspirations, and left nothing undone to develop them to the best of her ability.

She wrote cantatas and other lengthy vocal pieces; but her songs were most successful, attaining in some instances, such as 'Parted,' 'Drifting,' 'Ruby,' etc., considerable popularity. Often really melodious, her compositions were always musicianly. She was fond of assembling artists and amateurs at her morning receptions and evening 'At homes,' where foreign royalties

and musical aspirants mingled without stilted ceremony or etiquette. And here might be met a number of the lions of the season together, instead of one at a time as in other circles; and they came early and stayed late, in spite of the comparative smallness of Miss Gabriel's *salons*, and consequently limited number of guests.

Really and truly preferring single blessedness—for she had frequent opportunities to marry had she been so inclined—Miss Gabriel gave herself entirely to composition and musical study until, in 1874, she became the wife of Mr. George E. March, the author of some of her librettos. But three years only of matrimonial happiness were hers. In August, 1877, she was thrown from her carriage in London, and did not survive the accident.

Patron of all that was good in music, but specially interested in opera and all connected with it—as the proprietor of Her Majesty's Theatre need well be—was the late Earl of Dudley.

Dudley House, Park Lane, was in those days

what it had been for many years before, one of the musical centres of London. The noble picture-gallery, containing so many *chefs-d'œuvre* of the old masters—some of which had been routed out of obscurity in strange corners of old cities by the Earl himself; the ballroom, with its white and gold walls and ceiling and graceful chandeliers in the style of the Tuileries; and the fine staircase, with the priceless tapestries—all these are fresh in the memories of art-lovers and concert-goers generally, as well as in those of Lord Dudley's friends and acquaintances. Lord Dudley did not keep his art-treasures for his own delectation alone. The famous Dudley collection of paintings was well known to picture-lovers among the general public—for he was generous in lending his splendid rooms to artists whom he knew, or who came to him with introductions from others, and benefit concerts were constant during the season in the well-known square white mansion in Park Lane.

Passionate enthusiasm and lavish generosity—these were qualities of the first Earl of Dudley's

which were patent to the world. But those who knew him best knew that he possessed an attribute far above these. He had a tender heart for his fellow-creatures. Contact with trouble and misfortune caused him to suffer in sympathy. The interest and pains with which he set about helping those who needed help was known only to the few ; and his interest was no transient effervescence of feeling, it was constant and lasting. Once a friend, Lord Dudley was always a friend ; and when once he had adopted a fellow-creature as a friend, that person could not err. It was useless to take exception to the sometimes conspicuously ungrateful conduct of this or that individual—well known to be worthless, perhaps, and openly boasting of his thanklessness. As the Earl never spoke ill, so he never believed ill of any of his fellow-creatures.

Often confounded with his uncle, the eccentric Lord Ward, he was about as different a man as could be. His father was a simple-minded clergyman, whose wife, a typical parson's helpmeet, brought up her children as ordinarily and

as humbly as possible. The future Earl of Dudley was taught that he came into a world which contained others as well as himself—a lesson which stood him in good stead in after-years.

His majority was, we believe, postponed by some clause in his uncle's will. Whether this be so or not, he certainly did not come into full possession of his huge income, which, when it first accrued to him, was said to be about £1,000 *per diem*, until after he was twenty-one. Then he at once became the target of the vast army of money-seekers and adventurers which infests society. Running the gauntlet of these from the first day of his riches to the last, it is marvellous that he retained any confidence in human nature at all. If to a certain extent he lived in a fools' paradise, often mistaking geese for swans, it proved an advantage to him; for if he could have seen the majority of claimants to his ready bounty in their true colours, he must have ended as a hopeless misanthrope.

As it was, his life appeared, to lookers-on, a

happy one—and after his marriage, early in the sixties, one of perfect domesticity—shared by his beautiful young wife and a bevy of charming and clever children whom he was destined to leave all too early in their young lives.

As a young man he was a restlessly fervid musical amateur. Italy and Italian art attracted him most, and the history of Italian opera in England is literally interwoven with his name. Among the aristocracy of his day his word on this subject was law. His approval was necessary to the complete success of a novelty, particularly in the world of singers. He was indeed one of the finest amateur critics, having a cultivated musical ear, and the experience of years' constant attendance at every performance of any note both here and abroad.

His mind was a perfect record of the incidents in the whole musical world from his initial appearance as a concert-goer. Notes he did not need. He could remember each artist—his or her special characteristics, failings, qualities, life and antecedents, together with anecdotes illustrating peculiarities of the in-

dividual—without an effort. This made his conversation intensely interesting to those who, like himself, were devotees of the art.

But his mental vitality was so strong that his interest was by no means limited to art. He was intimately acquainted with the politics and burning questions of the day, and political topics were the principal subjects discussed at the dinner-table—in town, and at his beautiful Worcestershire residence, Witley Court; in Scotland, after the deer were duly discussed and dismissed, and at his seaside place in Suffolk. His famous yacht-expedition to feed hungry officers in the Crimean War is an old story now. But the same ardent zeal which in numerous instances founded fortunes—and also succoured the many, as in that somewhat Quixotic Crimean enterprise—was unabated even on the very eve of the seizure which proved but the prelude to his decease. It might be said of the late Lord Dudley that he lived to the full every moment of his too brief life.

In person he was rather remarkable, and peculiar, than handsome—according to accepted

types of masculine good looks. There is a small water-colour picture of the carnival at Rome in the forties—it hung some few years ago in the Long Gallery at Witley Court near to Hiram Power’s beautiful statue, the ‘Greek Slave’—where a tall, slim, broad-shouldered young man depicted as leaning over a decorated balcony, throwing *confetti* among the motley crowd below, was asserted by the Earl to have been an exact likeness of himself. Then, his face seemed longer, and the thick waves of dark hair worn after the style of seventeenth-century Italian portraits somewhat less anomalous. But masculine dress in the sixties was singularly unsuited to a *chevelure* worn in the time of velvet doublets and plumed birettas. In later years Lord Dudley was portly, and boasted that mark of the progress of Time so dreaded by women—a double chin. His large countenance and brilliant dark eyes were not in keeping with the *coiffure*.

Speaking of the celebrated statue which may be said to have been *the* work of art *par excellence* in the first Great Exhibition of 1851, the

‘Greek Slave’—repeated afterwards in marble, alabaster, clay, and even plaster, throughout the United Kingdom, until it was common to banality—was really discovered by Lord Dudley. Visiting the studio of Hiram Power in Rome, he was greatly struck with the statue, then in progress, and purchased it, with but one condition. Then, the nude form we of maturity remember in our childhood was surmounted by a modern Greek cap. This Lord Dudley took exception to, as an excrescence—a false note in the pure harmony of the conception. But Power clung to the cap, which was a darling conceit. ‘Very well,’ said the Earl; ‘it is only *my* opinion. You keep the cap and the statue, and I keep my money in my pocket, and there is no harm done.’ But Power was naturally loath to lose his princely purchaser, so, after some debate and correspondence, he suggested a compromise. Lord Dudley should become the possessor of the original statue, *minus* the cap, and he would ship a duly becaped replica to the Great Exhibition. His lordship good-humouredly met the artist’s wishes. But when

the statue appeared in the great glass-house in Hyde Park, she was in all the glory and purity of her resplendent maidenhood—without the somewhat rakish headgear which would certainly have marred her success. The sculptor had listened to his patron, and the Greek Slave became conqueror by the very simplicity of her Eve-like innocence of the great future of clothes.

Many pieces of sculpture afterwards celebrated were purchased by the Earl even before they were executed in marble. Renowned groups or statues by Thorwaldsen, Canova, Chantrey, and others, were to be seen in the old days at Witley Court. The Dudley collection of pictures unfortunately no longer exists as the Dudley Collection, he having willed it to be sold.

In incipient genius, or even mere talent or ability, he was at once interested. More than one now established reputation began under his patronage. Among others, Mr. Frederic H. Cowen's gifts were recognized by Lord Dudley in very early youth indeed, and the young

musician's career was the object of his constant solicitude. Curiously enough, Mr. Cowen's was the last music Lord Dudley heard before his unexpected death from pneumonia, the composer having visited him in his seclusion as an enforced invalid after his seizure to play him the pieces he loved on one of his favourite Broadwood grands.

The late Mr. Tom Hohler was also one in whom he took the greatest interest. Early in the sixties, Mr. Hohler—a tall, slim young man of considerable masculine beauty—was temporarily Lord Dudley's secretary, while pursuing his vocal studies during the London season. Another who frequently sang at the daily musical meetings of the intimates at Dudley House was Mr. Fuller, the sculptor, whose voice was both sweet and mellow.

Season after season brought fresh artists appealing for his patronage. But although he contrived to assist each aspirant as far as he could, he remained rigidly faithful to his first *protégés*. As the years came and went, the same faces were to be seen in the picture-

gallery and drawing-rooms in London, and in the Long Gallery at Witley—among them the Italians Vera and Pinsuti, and in later years Mr. F. H. Cowen. Liberal in politics, Lord Dudley was thoroughly conservative in daily life.

Another aristocratic amateur who was both amiable and liberal to musicians was the late Dowager Marchioness of Downshire. Many young artists, as well as those of rising or acknowledged reputation, were constant and welcome guests at Downshire House. The Marchioness had a peculiar gift of mixing freely with artists almost as one of themselves, without the slightest loss of dignity. While being of essential service to them, she would suggest by her gentle, almost deprecatory manner no less than by her words, that it was she who was their debtor, rather than they hers.

Many will remember the latest gatherings in her *salons* in Grosvenor Square, when they were filled with all that were to be met with advantage in art, literature, and music. She was

a hostess among hostesses. Scarcely a single guest was present in those crowds who could not afterwards relate some personal attention—some complaisance on her part for him or her alone. When the Dowager Marchioness of Downshire died, artists generally lost a great and most faithful friend.

These two—for the once famous amateur, Lord Westmoreland, belongs to an earlier period of music in England—were typical aristocratic amateurs in the sixties. There were many others among exclusive circles and somewhat less conspicuous positions.

In legal society Sergeant Sargood and his accomplished wife—formerly a Miss Flower, and a singer and composer of no mean merit—entertained artists and literary people freely during the London season in their hospitable house in Endsleigh Street, Gordon Square. On Wednesday evenings there were pleasant and informal receptions. Rising barristers and future Q.C.'s, as well as the legal stars of the day, were to be seen in friendly converse. A constant visitor was Sergeant Sleigh, with his

charming wife and their promising son, Arthur Warner Sleigh — whose erratic temperament stood in the way of his brilliant talents, and who died, still quite young, at sea, after a voyage in search of health. Here, too, was to be met the present Sir George Lewis, then a slim young man lately married to his beautiful, dark-eyed, dark-haired bride, 'the realization of an houri,' as a painter who was present when she wore her bridal dress enthusiastically termed her. Poets were quite common, and novelists matters of course. A very agreeable young lady, with a certain placid beauty of her own and the searching intensity of gaze of the habitual observer, was Miss Amelia B. Edwards, the well-known Egyptologist and authoress. She was a clever talker as well as writer, and was dowered with that most 'excellent thing in woman,' a voice 'ever soft, gentle, and low.' Miss Edwards' interest was by no means confined to Egypt or fictional pursuits. Herself a poet, she was also a musician, as her books will tell; and her remarks on composers and executants gave one more proof of how the arts

visit their votaries hand-in-hand. Near to Miss Edwards, when she was in England, might be found her attached friend, the sculptress, Miss Hatty Hosmer, the progenitor of the wonderful 'Puck'—and pupil, in Rome, of Gibson, whose tinted Venus, exhibited at the Great Exhibition of '62, was the talk of the hour—and not far away might be seen their mutual admirer, the third in a remarkable triad of friends, the composer, Elizabeth Philp, of whom more will be said.

Then, besides the foreign artists of the season and established English stars, there would be the human curiosities of the time. In the early sixties a mild stir on the subject of 'table-turning' and 'spirit-rapping' showed signs of still further activity and of somewhat alarming development. Although the 'Planchette' was not yet established as a household god among those inclining to spiritualism, there was much talk of mediums, manifestations, and the like—and Mr. Home, the spiritualistic lion, was the mystic hero of psychic circles. He

came to Mrs. Sargood's Wednesdays — or Fridays as it might be, that season. Among the buzz and hum of the gay crowd thronging the brightly-lighted rooms, he would glide in—a tall, black-clad form, his evening dress seeming blacker, somehow, than ordinary men's ; a rapt expression on his ghastly pale, high-cheek-boned face ; his thin, fair hair brushed back from his bony forehead—evidently because of its habit of tumbling in locks upon his brow—and his large transparent blue eyes fixed on vacancy. If addressed, he would smile faintly—an expostulatory 'How can you disturb me?' smile—and murmur a reply. But he seemed to come among the living as one from the dead—perhaps, as a nervous person remarked with a scared glance over her shoulder, to continue his reputed communings with departed spirits. He was, indeed, supposed to hold quite familiar converse with the soul of a young wife, who provided him with flowers enough for constant 'buttonholes'—had they been then worn. At first a mere abstracted spectator among Mrs. Sargood's guests, he seemed to become less

spectral as time went on, even going so far on one occasion as, after some preoccupied conversation—desultory and spasmodic as his was wont to be—with the writer, to inform her that she was undoubtedly ‘a medium.’ A startling assertion which remained unverified, as after long years of vain hope for an uncanny experience, she has never yet heard or seen anything whatever which could not be amply explained.

One of the chief members of quite another musical circle was a certain Dr. Black. Somewhat arbitrary in taste, he was acknowledged authority enough to be chosen on the jury who decided the merits of the prize-winning pianofortes in the Great Exhibition of 1851. He was a man of powerful features and original appearance, with piercing eyes and shaggy iron-gray hair—and was sufficiently argumentative and persistent to cause some trouble to opponents or antagonists. It would seem that the excellence of the instruments sent in to the exhibition by certain great pianoforte firms was so great, that the jury found themselves divided

as to the first prize-winner. The coveted gold medal, indeed, might have been a 'draw,' but for the doggedness of Dr. Black, who clung to the supremacy of the Erard grand with grim determination. Madame Erard, to whom the instruments invented by her husband and his relatives were as dear as if they had been beloved children, related how—while waiting for news of the jury's decision—she, to while away the hours of suspense, adjourned to the opera. 'So anxious was I,' she said, 'that, although it was a most interesting performance that night, I hardly knew what was going on, and when there was a tap at the box door, and, on my nephew opening it, I saw the faces of our good Bruzard and Dr. Black, I could not speak. When *ce cher Docteur Black* said "Victory! We have won!" I broke down and wept.'

It was at Dr. Black's house that musical gatherings would be given to entertain the charming little lady when she visited London. The last of these at which she was present proved somewhat ill-fated. A very attractive

selection of *morceaux*, given by a select few among the artists then in London, was half over, when a servant precipitately entered, shouting 'Fire!' The lace curtains of a bedroom window had blown into the candles, the room above was in a blaze, neighbours had given the alarm. There was a panic, and a stampede—rendered more alarming by some officious person turning off the gas, and therefore leaving the staircase in darkness except for the glare above. However, the ladies found safety in the carriages which were waiting in the street, and the writer discovered herself sitting with the alarmed Madame Erard in her landau. By the time the engines arrived the fire was extinguished by the gentlemen visitors and their host, and there was an attempt to reassemble and continue the *soirée*. But the evening was spoiled, and the fright had a disastrous effect upon the fragile health of the lady of the house, who never altogether rallied from the unpleasant shock.

Mention has been made of Miss Elizabeth Philp, a remarkable personality among the London amateurs, who—although not strictly

of them, as she followed music professionally—was heart and soul with the great army of music-lovers upon whom the existence of the profession depends.

Born at Falmouth, she was conspicuous as a child for her love for the beautiful no less than for her fondness for music, and for the warm, enthusiastic temperament which was hers to the last moment of her life. Coming to London soon after she reached womanhood, she seemed to find her level at once among talented people, and plunged heart and soul into music. She sang more in private than in public, but her songs soon made their way into public favour. Then, Miss Philp—ambitious to be as well as to appear a real musician—went to Cologne and studied singing under Madame Marchesi, and composition under Ferdinand Hiller, returning with new ideas, fresh zeal, and yet greater enthusiasm for her art. While writing scores of more or less popular songs, she deserves permanent rank among English composers for her settings of one or two of Kingsley's poems, also for her ballad, 'The Irish King's Ride,'

the charming little air 'What is Love?' and others.

But she had a conspicuous quality by which her many other gifts were so eclipsed that she will be most remembered for it—and it above all other things. Friendship? Sympathy? Adaptability? It was a combination. It might be said that, when she first met a fellow-creature, she had a second sight of all in him that was good and admirable, and a blindness to his imperfections ; so that to meet a stranger was to add yet one more to her long list of friends. So many friends, indeed, had she, that she spent hardly an hour of her life alone. And she never tired of giving her sympathy—of listening to people's confidences or talk of themselves and their affairs—was never bored by her many visitors. She seemed to make the lives of others her own, and to participate in their sorrows or successes.

Even when she took her well-earned holidays, she either travelled with friends, or visited friends, or made some pleasant plan to recreate a friend. The writer well remembers a sultry

morning in the late summer of 1868, when 'Lizzie,' as her friends called her, came rushing in, elated at being 'off' for her holiday in Cornwall. Some remark of the writer's, doomed to stay in town, touched her. A day or two after came a summons.

'I am determined you shall see Cornwall,' she wrote by special messenger. 'So you and I and Antoinette Sterling will give some concerts. You are both to start to-night, your journey is already arranged, and the announcements for the first concert have gone to the printers.'

Miss Antoinette Sterling was then fresh from the hands of masters abroad, and enjoying the first of her long succession of artistic triumphs. With her, with a violinist, and a local tenor singer of repute, the writer accompanied Miss Philp on a most enjoyable tour through the wilds of Cornwall. They started in a large travelling carriage, and posted from town to town—beginning at Truro, and returning from the extreme point of their expedition, Plymouth—where they were entertained by the Mayor—by another route.

They posted from place to place in the morning, and spent the afternoon viewing the special beauties of the neighbourhood. Before and after the evening concerts were real Cornish dinners and suppers, and those who know their Cornwall will know the significance of those words ; then to bed—to awaken in the pleasant old inns, and enjoy a farewell glimpse of the charming surroundings until once more ‘the carriage waited.’ Truro, Bodmin, Helston, Penzance, and other towns were visited. The writer’s recreation hours were certainly reduced by daily struggles with a Brussels net concert-dress, which had to be unmade each night and remade before every performance. Still, delightful memories of hill and vale, of old churches and gardens, of the mingling of the waters at historic Helston and of the climb up St. Michael’s Mount, remain—beside humorous reminiscences of curious Cornwall audiences, who were enraptured with ‘Yankee Doodle and variations’ on the fiddle, while somewhat puzzled by the pianoforte music, which could not aspire so high—and who listened with something akin to

awe to Italian vocal duets and trios, doubtless chosen to supply them with specimens of what was nightly heard at the opera-houses in far-off London.

For thorough Bohemian enjoyment of the natural beauties of one of the most richly-endowed English counties, that impromptu concert-tour stands alone in the writer's memory.

Having hardly known a day's real illness in her life, Miss Philp seemed always in radiant health and spirits, and when a mortal disease set in, she recognized the grip of death the very first hour she felt it.

Leaving London for Cornwall in the early eighties, seemingly in the most perfect health, she wrote to the writer from a country-house where she was staying : ' You know how I have always boasted of not having been worried by my body, as so many are. *That is all over.* Yesterday, when I was in the garden here, I had a most curious feeling. It was a warning. Dear, don't think me fanciful, and pray do not say one word to anyone—but I am convinced that two years hence I shall be dead.'

She was. After a slow decline of health and strength, she took to her bed in sheer weakness, and gradually sank to rest. In life she was stout and ruddy, comely, intelligent, bright. In death she was a slender, beautiful creature with sharp-cut features — a lovely model for a sculptor. This great-hearted, generous-minded woman sleeps in Highgate Cemetery, near to the other great-hearted, generous - minded woman she so sincerely admired—George Eliot.

CHAPTER IX.

Musical evenings in Queen Square—‘Arthur Napoleon,’ Ernst Lubeck, Martin Lazare, Sigismund Blumner, Mr. Scotson Clark, Mr. H. F. Parry—Ole Bull—A Beethoven violin sonata—Jenny Lind—Meeting at a dinner at the Mansion House—Jenny Lind and ‘Auld Robin Gray’—Introduction to Thalberg—His playing—Mademoiselle Titiens in opera and at home—Madame Rudersdorff—Mademoiselle Liebhart—Signor Bevignani and his betrothed.

IN the early sixties the old house in Queen Square—where Henselt stayed with his friend Karl Mangold during his brief and latest visit to London—was the scene of many musical gatherings.

In the quaint, old-fashioned drawing-rooms—an Erard grand abode in one, a Broadwood grand in the other—most of the pianists visiting London, with others, assembled on the special

evening set apart each week, and conversed and played to each other to their mutual delectation.

There was 'Arthur Napoleon,' whom the writer first saw and heard when that well-known prodigy was a small boy in a black-velvet tunic, his head 'running over with curls,' bounding into the concert-room, climbing the music-stool with childlike confidence, then playing the 'Moonlight Sonata' with an insight, a depth of meaning, which could scarcely be surpassed by Clara Schumann or any of the more poetical interpreters of Beethoven. In the sixties—a bright, unaffected young musician, with a charming touch and great experience—he could scarcely be said to have fulfilled the promise of his childhood, which was vast. Still he was a real artist, and never more so than when listening to others and conversing upon his art.

There were Ernst Lubeck, the ponderous, whose prodigious execution filled the old rooms with a volume of sound, and Martin Lazare, also of Holland, a pianist who felt and played more like a Frenchman—a handsome little man with a brilliant little talent, whose delightful compo-

sition 'Marguerite au Rouet' ought to have an endless life among pianoforte pieces. There was Sigismund Blumner, the young German—stout, fair, ruddy, full of life and *bonhomie*—a strictly classical player, who was heard at his best in Beethoven and Mozart. There were English also, who held their own bravely among the foreigners—notably Mr. Scotson Clark, who, although his chief instrument was the organ, was a delightful pianist, with a unique tone, clear, bell-like, and a simplicity and purity of style which rendered some of Weber's *morceaux*, and all that he essayed of Mozart, memories as agreeable as lasting. Mr. Francesco Berger would play his own compositions; and the co-founder of the firm of Ashdown and Parry, Mr. Henry F. Parry—as clever in judgment in musical matters as he was witty in speech—would prowl around with his ears on the alert for promising pianoforte pieces in manuscript.

There were violinists—English, foreign, young and old. Among them was the well-known Ole Bull.

Ole Bull was then a man about fifty; tall,

erect, he carried himself in soldierly fashion, his somewhat small head—already gray—held high. His features were sharp, his smile kindly. A half-inquisitive, half-humorous look in his clear blue eyes, the pale blue of the North, lent his face a certain originality peculiar to faces with a mixed expression. Great and acknowledged artist as he was, renowned in every country of any significance, he was simpler, and thought far less of his powers and attainments, than many a raw and untried neophyte.

The writer made his acquaintance in the ‘artists’ room’ at a concert, when he came up in his direct, unaffected way and introduced himself. ‘I guess artists may speak to one another,’ he said in good English, with an accent more American than foreign. ‘And you are one, because, young though you are, you have the pluck to play like yourself, not to imitate your master.’

But Ole Bull was an admirer of Henselt, as he was of every artist of individuality, giving each and all their due. Meanwhile, his love of originality was so strong that in many ways it

ruled him. When he pleased, he could cast aside his eccentricities and mannerisms, and play with the *innigkeit*, yet steady march in harness of the classical players *par excellence*. But he doubted the 'follow-my-leader' school of musical interpretation. He believed in a great work being great because of its adaptability to many different interpretations—rather than that divers interpreters should waive their thought and feeling to adhere rigidly to the composer's. If he had not held this extreme view, he would have been great among classical players, as well as among executants apart from the severe and ancient schools.

When he asked the writer to play with him at a concert, and waived the choice of pieces, she selected the C minor sonata of Beethoven to see what he would say or do. He merely assented—and then came the rehearsals. Having played this same sonata in private with Herr Joachim and in public with Sainton and other violinists of the strictly legitimate school, the sonata according to Ole Bull was new and astonishing. He had his own views of Beethoven's intentions

—romantic and imaginative, but scarcely tenable with due reverence to the composer. The scherzo, in particular, was ‘early morning, with the hero, in the throes of cruel anxiety, awakening to the chirping of the birds.’ The trio was ‘the conflict between the calm of Nature and the *Sturm und Drang* of the interior tempest in his soul.’ The finale was ‘the triumph of human passion,’ etc. One way of interpreting Beethoven, certainly, but—dangerous.

There were a succession of quiet little battles during those many rehearsals, ended by the pianist resigning the part. Then Ole Bull became suddenly as meek and docile as the mildest of schoolboys. He professed himself ready to imitate any violinist’s ‘reading’ which the writer preferred, and at once became transformed into one of the most rigid of *virtuosi*. He had evidently heard his less erratic compeers to some purpose. Quite easy in her mind—indeed, vastly gratified by the discovery of this new power in the great fiddler—the writer took her place at the piano the day of the performance. All went well during, and immediately after, the first passages

—indeed, the first movement ended without any alarming eccentricity ; but when the scherzo was reached—to her horror the birds chirped, the *Sturm und Drang* was heard—and in the finale the hero, in Ole's mind, abandoned himself to the fury of passion. The occurrence had this effect : the writer never dared face an audience to play a duet with a violinist again.

Ole was as fond of unconventionality in daily life as in his playing. He liked to come and go as he pleased—an uninvited guest. He often came on the writer's musical nights, but would drop in at odd times and take her for walks, preferring the great thoroughfares, as he was amused with crowds. Shop - windows attracted him. Once the writer admired a bouquet in the window of a great florist. A minute afterwards she missed the tall, gaunt figure at her side, and, waiting, saw him coming out of the shop, bouquet in hand. There, in the street, he presented it to her, and when, embarrassed by the stares of the passers-by, she begged at least to return home at once by a quieter route, he was amazed. ' You liked the

flowers, and you are ashamed of them?' he said, in reproof, in a tone both disappointed and reproachful.

As his instrumental hero was Paganini, so his vocal heroine was Jenny Lind. Lind was a congenial topic that he loved to dwell upon.

Jenny Lind—once the object of popular passion in a way that no artist has been, before her advent in the world of song or since—retired from the stage when the writer was still a child. It had been the wish of her life to hear the 'Swedish nightingale' at least once, and, in support of the saying that 'everything comes to the one who will wait,' the opportunity of meeting as well as hearing the great genius was given her during the mayoralty of the amiable and generous Sir Sydney Waterlow.

This was at the Mansion House, at an artist dinner, when the writer found herself seated at table side by side with the well-known Herr Karl Blind, and opposite to Sir Sydney, Lady Waterlow, Jenny Lind, Sir Julius Benedict, and Gustave Doré. Other notabilities were present, Herr Goldschmidt and Sir Julius' beautiful

daughter Alice among them. But the intellectual, thoughtful face of Madame Goldschmidt magnetized her humble admirer's eyes far more than did the other guests, or the magnificent City gold plate and the wealth of lovely flowers around. To drink out of the loving-cup which Jenny Lind had sipped was event enough to intoxicate any humble musician ; but when, afterwards, the remains of the glorious voice were heard in Lind's extraordinary rendering of the familiar ballad ' Auld Robin Gray,' the evening became historical to more than one present.

The wonderful Swede was as great an actress as she was a singer. Often and often has this been repeated and insisted upon by calm judges, *not* infected with the ' Lind fever,' as well as by her fanatical admirers ; and soon after she simply and quietly took her place before the huge grand piano drawn up a little distance from the drawing-room wall, it was made evident. The voice was no longer the exquisite sound which had held huge audiences breathless and motionless in all parts of the world. It was thin, and

on some notes almost querulous in tone. But the artist, the histrionic as well as musical genius, made as great an effect upon her hearers as ever. As Lind told the familiar Scottish story, its characters seemed to pass in review ; her eloquent face seemed as a glass through which each gazed in turn—and the pathos of the homely tale went home to the hearts of the listeners straight from the warm heart of the singer.

Afterwards, the writer had a conversation with the great vocalist, who was one of the most womanly of women, taking a vivid interest in the lives of her fellow-musicians as well as in topics connected with her art. Curiously enough, wide as the gulf between their species of talent was—Lind being on a far loftier and nobler plane than Ole Bull—she made an almost exactly similar remark to the one which impressed itself so forcibly on the writer's memory on her first introduction to the violinist.

‘ The very first notes you played I knew you were an artist,’ she said ; ‘ you have the courage to be yourself.’

It was but a version of Carlyle's adjuration to his fellow-creatures — when, in burning, rousing words, he urged them not to stand idly by in the battle of life, but to act and to do, however small and insignificant their part. Praise of originality from the lips of those who have attained world-wide fame surely means little else but that which the great moralist meant when he wrote, insisting upon the fact that no man was so much a dullard but some sort of gift lay dormant within him. 'And in God's name, out with it, man!' he cried, in passionate exhortation.

Those who may have fancied—by the exclusive, and sometimes even repellent, attitude of some artists and persons whose names are known by the public—that the talented are vain as a rule, have only to mix with the really great in any art to discover that they were wrong.

It is the old story. Royalty unbends where the parvenu fears loss of caste. People of small endowments are airy and pretentious where genius is childlike in its unconsciousness of the richness of its gifts.

Among great instrumentalists, Thalberg was another who was singularly modest and unassuming. Meeting him at Madame Erard's apartments in 15, Great Marlborough Street, one summer day, he chatted very pleasantly in good and fluent English, and willingly seated himself at the piano and played whatever was suggested to him by any of his five auditors. His playing was delightful. While his mechanism and execution were perfect, and the extreme difficulties of some of the pieces were evidently child's play to him, the tone brought out by his lissom, taper fingers was different from that of any other pianist. It suggested transparency, brilliance, lightness. The notes seemed to float on the air like bubbles. He had a power of modulation which was unrivalled. His *crescendo* and *diminuendo* were almost too exact. In fact, his whole playing, although not lacking in poetry, produced the effect of the pictures of certain great masters whose characteristic is excessive finish. It astonished, while appealing rather to the intellect than the emotions. In this, it was the direct antithesis of Rubinstein's.

Then a man of about fifty, Thalberg still boasted remnants of his former personal attractions. Tall, slim, his aquiline features were sharp-cut as any cameo. His daughter Zaré (now the Marchesa Doria) resembled him in feature, as her singing partly resembled his playing. A beautiful girl and pretty actress, her pure soprano voice, clear and sweet though it was, left her hearers cold.

The season which numbers the first meeting with Thalberg among its events, brings memories of certain great vocalists interwoven with recollections of celebrated instrumentalists.

Therese Tietjens (her name in private life) was in her zenith as the principal prima donna at Her Majesty's Theatre. A clever face, a majestic carriage—indeed, to see her sweep across the boards with her fine stage stride was an experience—her grand voice and intensity of feeling made her a dramatic soprano whose like we shall not easily hear again. She came at a time when Pasta and Grisi were asserted by their faithful adherents—and amateurs were more conservative then than they are now—

to be unsurpassable. Their admirers, indeed, seemed to wish that their names should remain unrivalled, that—as the English tenor Braham was to be the greatest English singer of all time—Pasta and Grisi were to close the list of world-renowned *soprani*. Yet she succeeded.

Tietjens' voice was of German quality, full, rich, and, in florid music, somewhat lacking in fluency. In *Norma*, *Lucrezia*, *Semiramide*, her gifts were all in her favour. When as *Norma* she stood—tall, queenly, in her white robes and green coronal—upbraiding *Pollio* the shrinking craven, he, no matter who might be assuming the *rôle*, looked a wretched dastard. She swept the stage, a typical *Semiramide*—and when her *Arsace* was *Alboni*, the great duet was sung to a perfection not easily attainable nowadays.

As *Margherita*, Tietjens evidently aimed at an impersonation of the original *Gretchen* of her great national poet, even in minor details—for she discarded the white dress beloved of French *Margheritas* in favour of a blue robe which was more fitting to a burgher maiden

of the period. She naturally shone in the tragic part of the opera, but as Margherita's part is certainly two-thirds tragedy, that was no disadvantage. It is often said that as the part of Shakespeare's Juliet, if it is to be perfectly played, should be acted by two actresses in one, so also should there be two *soprani* in one—light and dramatic—for the *rôle* of Margherita. The tragic being the predominant note in Gounod's conception, the success of Tietjens' Margherita will be understood.

Strong—indeed, virile—as an operatic singer, she was in private life the most feminine and tender of her sex.

In a well-known thoroughfare in St. John's Wood there was a square, low cottage *ornée* standing in a large, leafy garden. Here Tietjens—with a married sister who was her constant companion, and two fresh, comely, lively young nieces—first pitched her tent in London. Once past the gate in the high brick wall, one might have been in the grounds of some country-house. Ivy Cottage contained some good-sized rooms, and they were carefully

furnished in country-house style. In summer there was a profusion of flowers within and without. Scarcely a prettier sight could be seen than Tietjens and her family taking their coffee, in typical German fashion, in the rustic arbour under the trees on summer afternoons, to the accompaniment of the chirps and quacks of the fowls and ducks and cooing of pigeons in the little poultry-yard beyond the garden, and with their favourite dogs and cats lying about the lawn whose background was the ivy-covered house. On Sundays the hospitable prima donna was at home all day to her friends, who would many of them arrive early, spend the day in the garden—perhaps picking fruit now and then in the kitchen-garden, where the strawberries, raspberries, currants, and gooseberries bore witness to the fact that there is still air in London, and sunshine also—and perchance remain to dine. The dinners at Ivy Cottage were of the choicest, and were followed by pleasant evenings in the drawing-room, where the prima donna's voice was heard at the greatest disadvantage in consequence of

the low ceiling, and where the artist visitors would also contribute songs or pieces. Or there might be a game of cards. Lotto was at one time a favourite game at Ivy Cottage, and the writer well remembers how, one evening when she had had a long run of ill-luck, her hostess, determining she should win at least one game, demurely cast her eyes across at her array of cards before calling the numbers, and, by some manipulation in the bag in her lap called the numbers on her visitor's cards first, confessing her trick only when she had awarded the pool.

Therese Tietjens had a large heart, and many and frequent were her good deeds in aid of the sick, needy, or unfortunate. She was brave, too, as the bravest of her race. Attacked by a terrible internal malady, she resolutely refused to succumb. She battled with the deadly enemy; and when in reality her only rightful place was the sick-room, she sang through opera after opera, sometimes fainting in her dressing-room from the agony she had endured. In one of her last appearances before her death — which was truly a blessed release from an earthly

purgatory—the large drops wrung out by her anguish could be seen coursing down her face. This was in Lucrezia Borgia, and never had she given a grander impersonation of the guilty Italian Duchess than when literally in her death-agony.

From Ivy Cottage it was not a far cry to a secluded little rustic villa, the home of one of the cleverest women of her time. Madame Rudersdorff—as Hermine Küchenmeister-Mansfeld preferred to be called—appeared in public as a soprano in her teens, and visited London in the forties, when, among other concerts, she sang at a *soirée* given by the writer's father, Karl Mangold. Originally her voice was sweet as well as powerful, but in the sixties volume and penetration were its most conspicuous qualities. A clever actress, she was greatest in emotional suggestion. But it was not only in music that she excelled; she was a marvellous linguist, with a wide knowledge of subjects generally, and an intimate acquaintance with the literature of Europe. It would have been difficult to tell her nationality by her speech, for she used

English, German, French, Italian, or Spanish, according to the preference of those with whom she spoke, and each with the ease of a native. She painted, drew, wrote verses, and was a capital pianist ; in fact, she might have shared her talents with a dozen less favoured beings, and have had plenty and to spare for herself.

She was an agreeable hostess ; and her garden, in which she took great pride, was quite the garden of a horticulturist. She understood the science of floriculture, and had a share in the invention and propagation of new variations in species : there was a special geranium which justly bore her name. Never idle, she was always occupied in some pursuit, winter as well as summer. Once, the writer discovered her making a remarkable screen—turning odds and ends into pictures wreathed round with flowers in refined and artistic festoons. Her notes and letters to her friends, gracefully penned in the most exquisite and minute of handwritings, were documents to be kept—full of *esprit*, and often illustrated with tiny and humorous sketches.

In London she drifted into a teaching life.

Many a successful young vocalist owes his or her attainments primarily to Madame Rudersdorff. In 1872 she left England for America, and ten years later died in her country home near Boston.

The story goes that in her will she expressed a somewhat singular desire to be buried above-ground in a garden-house by a piece of water in the grounds, and in a coffin with a glass lid. She was to be dressed in a black velvet gown and a mantilla of black lace. But so unreasonable a whim seems so unlike the orderly and common-sense Madame Rudersdorff—who would have been the first to see its absurdity in the case of another person—that, although the report was freely promulgated at the time, it is scarcely worthy of credence.

Another German soprano who was prominently before the public in the sixties was ‘Mademoiselle Liebhart.’

For many years a favourite light soprano in Vienna and Germany generally, Madame Liebhart accepted an engagement under Mr. Mapleson at Her Majesty’s early in the sixties, and

found England and English audiences so much to her taste that in England she remained.

A sprightly actress, as well as the possessor of a voice singularly brilliant and flexible, she excelled in parts such as Rosina in the 'Barbière' or Susanna in the 'Nozze'; she also sang the Queen in the 'Huguenots,' and Isabella in 'Roberto.' In private life she was both amiable, agreeable, and amusing—and as a hostess hospitality and geniality itself. Many pleasant little dinners were given by her in her villa in St. John's Wood. Here could be met the Arditis, the singers of the season, and other foreign artists visiting London. At one of these entertainments the writer met Mr. Willert Beale, the spirited *entrepreneur*—who some time previously had wished to introduce Henselt to the amateurs of London and the provinces, only the nervous pianist flinched, and retreated during the preparation of the agreement. A clever man and a fluent speaker, with plenty that was of interest to relate, was Mr. Beale—versatile, too, music (he himself was well known as a composer, under the pseudonym of 'Walter

Maynard ') being only one of his accomplishments.

Here, too, was sometimes to be met Made-moiselle Marie Kruls, Tietjens' younger niece ; and on one occasion Signor Bevignani happened to appear and to accept an invitation to remain with such ready acquiescence that—when a card arrived some time afterwards bidding certain friends and acquaintance to the wedding of the youthful pair—one or two at least among them were not taken altogether by surprise. Even in those days Signor Bevignani had shown conspicuous talent as a *chef-d'orchestre*. His subsequent career is well known. His amiable wife died a few years ago.

CHAPTER X.

Leopold Jansa — Memories of Beethoven — Ferdinand Hiller — His life, etc. — Hummel, Mendelssohn — Hiller's compositions and literary works — Hiller in London — Meetings with Hiller — His friendships — Mrs. Joseph Robinson — Hiller's letters.

ANOTHER Viennese artist who came to England on a visit, and who remained to make it his home for many a long year, was the distinguished musician and violinist, Leopold Jansa.

In the sixties he was already an old man, and, although teaching artists and amateurs almost when and how he pleased, he had no longer the spirit, or, indeed, the wish, for the excitement of publicity. Indeed, he is hardly known to amateurs of the present day except as the

teacher of Madame Norman Néruda, whose playing resembles his as it was in its heyday.

Yet he was one of the professional admirers who clustered around Beethoven in his last years—playing with him, and for him, trying new compositions of the Master's—his faithful friend in daily life as well as in musical matters.

Jansa lived with his wife, one of the most *gebildet* and charming of German ladies, in Mornington Crescent. Although the graceful, comely Madame Jansa boasted so cultivated an intellect, she was a typical *Hausfrau*. Entering the little house, which was furnished and arranged in German style, one was struck by the Dutch-like order and cleanliness. The sitting-rooms where the interesting old couple usually sat—Jansa in a particular chair placed in a particular spot; his wife, in her plain black gown and knitted shawl, an old-fashioned plain white cap tied over the silvery bands framing her delicate aquiline features and under the chin, invariably seated on the hard, high-backed sofa—were always in exquisite order. All bright surfaces shone as only German and Dutch

strong-armed maidens can make them shine. Dust it was impossible to detect. The little drawing-rooms above were seldom used, and, also in German fashion, the furniture and ornaments were shrouded in white. Here there were chairs and stools on which the great Beethoven had sat, musical instruments on which he had played.

From Jansa's references to the great composer, it might be gathered that there was but little to be detailed about Beethoven—the man who, always brusque and self-contained, became even less communicative and more inaccessible as his deafness increased and his life drew to a close. It was evident, by a certain awe with which his faithful adherent spoke of him, that the social intercourse he permitted was not of a genial or encouraging kind. Anecdotes of the Master there seemed to be none, or perhaps to a serious-minded follower it savoured of irreverence to repeat them.

But Jansa—in person, or rather in face, not unlike the master, with his broad, overhanging brow and shaggy gray hair—would give an

imitation of Beethoven entering the restaurant where he daily dined, at a table in the corner apart from the rest of the diners—at whom he rarely deigned to cast a glance, except a scowl if he suspected an indiscreet stare on the part of one of the uninitiated.

According to Jansa, he would stride in, gloomy and morose, his hat crowded over his brows, his whole bearing that of an unapproachable misanthrope. Stalking to his corner, he would seat himself with his back to everyone, eat, and stalk out again. He seldom recognized the existence of anyone present, or, indeed, looked at the guests—who, however, treated him with reverence, and kept at a most respectful distance.

On occasion he would be pleased, when, at the trial of some new composition, the executants would readily give the interpretation he required. Then he would give a grunt and make some remark. It would seem that the grunt and a few words were his highest marks of approval. But it must be distinctly understood that the words were not words of praise,

more some caustic direction as to the execution of the manuscript or newly-published work.

Jansa, although born in the days when there were musical giants, was not of those who believe that genius died out with the great men of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. He was always on the alert to hear new talent, and, when report reached him, did not depreciate the postulant unheard, but, if possible, took an early opportunity of ascertaining the validity of his claims. Living in the days of Beethoven and his compeers as he had lived, he acknowledged the excellence of the composers who succeeded them. Mendelssohn he greatly admired ; and he was a warm appreciator of our own Arthur Sullivan, when, as a mere lad, his ‘*Tempest*’ music dazzled the public and led connoisseurs to wonder if it were not a case of ‘*les rois sont mort—vive le roi.*’

Jansa left Vienna, not because he was weary of the gay capital, but because some indiscretion in playing at a concert given in London for Hungarian purposes obtained him a hint from headquarters that it would be advisable for him

to absent himself for a period. After some years' residence in London, a further hint reversed the former one, and he once more visited the scene of his early successes.

He was received by his friends and admirers with open arms, and so entirely delightful did the artist life of the brilliant city seem to him after his dull, monotonous existence in smoky London—where he was practically nobody—that from that moment he did not rest content in the banal obscurity of Camden Town. He arranged a migration to die among his old friends, and carried it out. But, perhaps because he was too full of years for transplantation, or because his expectations were hardly realized, he did not survive his return to his old associations long. His London friends heard with regret of his death in Vienna in January, 1875.

Another great musician who honoured the writer with his friendship, and who had seen and known Beethoven—but too late, for it was on his deathbed—was Ferdinand Hiller, composer, critic, and pianist, who may be said to have

raised the Cologne Conservatoire to the position it still holds among musical academies. Ferdinand Hiller was born in Frankfort in the autumn of 1811. He showed his musical tendencies very young, and at ten years of age had so far mastered the pianoforte that he played a concerto of Mozart with orchestra. At this time he was studying the piano with Aloys Schmitt and harmony with Vollweiler. But when he was fourteen he was allowed his great desire — to become a student under Hummel.

Hummel, one of the stars of Weimar, seems in the early years of the century to have been a perfect magnet to all aspirants to that comparatively recent instrument, the pianoforte. Would-be pianists flocked to him. He seemed to stand alone among the chief masters of the instrument as the acknowledged authority. There was no rivalry then, such as that which some score or so of years later arose among the conflicting schools of Liszt, Thalberg, Henselt, and others, most of whom had been his pupils. It appeared to be Hummel or nothing.

To Weimar young Hiller went, and became an ardent disciple of the ponderous *Kapellmeister* and pianist, the composer of so much that is rare and beautiful, and so much that had not sufficient stamina to survive him. Hummel has been described as one of the stoutest of men. His huge, good-natured face surmounted so unwieldy a body that a place had to be cut for his convenience in his dining-tables, both at home and at Court. When he played, as in his position at Court he was frequently called upon to do, he puffed and blew and perspired in a manner calculated to considerably detract from any spell his playing might cast upon his audiences. Yet he had the power to sway them as he would. His appearances were often the scene of the wildest enthusiasm ; and the placid monster was adored by most of his pupils, notably by Ferdinand Hiller.

The young and gifted Hiller must have been a delight to his master, who could see no genius where it was accompanied by desultoriness, or that which the late Sir Frederick Leighton contemptuously dismissed as ‘slapdash,’ *i.e.*, effects

that are obtained by illegitimate means. Hiller was a close worker as well as an obedient pupil, and only two years after he became a Weimar student he was chosen by Hummel to accompany him on a professional tour to Vienna and other places.

It was here that the lad of sixteen saw and spoke with Beethoven. The great composer was practically a dying man. The interviews were brief, and of necessity silent. But Hiller ever after regarded his visits to the mighty genius as the greatest privilege of his life.

From Vienna Hiller proceeded to Paris, with the intent of making the Parisians acquainted with the works of the lately-dead Beethoven. He gave concerts, and induced others to introduce the symphonies, concertos, and chamber music in their programmes. After a residence of seven years in the French capital he went to Milan.

While there, Mendelssohn—who was greatly attracted by his work, ‘Die Zerstörungs Jerusalems’—wrote from Leipzig begging him to come there to superintend its production.

Hiller, who was already an enthusiastic admirer of Mendelssohn, eagerly accepted the invitation. His stay in the German musical centre led to his conducting the Gewandhaus concerts. But Leipzig was not to be his abiding-place. After spending some time in Dresden to bring out his operas 'Traum der Christnacht' and 'Conradin,' he adjourned to Düsseldorf, having accepted the appointment of municipal *Kapellmeister* there.

In 1850 he began his work at Cologne, which proceeded with slight interruptions of visits to bring out new works in other countries until his death in 1885.

But constant and untiring as was his labour in organizing the Conservatoire on the banks of the Rhine, he neglected neither composition nor literary work. As a critic he ranked high. As a writer his 'Aus dem Tonleben unserer Zeit,' his 'Beethoven,' 'Mendelssohn,' and 'Briefe an ein Ungenannte,' will live with the language. Yet his musical works can scarcely be briefly catalogued. As well as 6 operas, 12 orchestral pieces, and 22 numbers for chamber performance, he wrote over 190 songs and choral pieces

and 38 or 40 pianoforte works. He conducted all the lower Rhine festivals ; yet while all this varied work was in progress, he found time to write lengthy letters to his friends. The writer possesses some of these treasures, full of graceful fancy and pleasant allusion.

It was early in the seventies that Hiller met and charmed many new English friends. It was at a pupil's house that the writer first saw him. A few pupils, musicians, and others were invited, and were assembled when the artist entered—a tall, finely-built man, with somewhat massive features, the typical musician's brow, deep-set gray eyes, and the ruminative, introspective expression of the thinker. Yet there was more in Hiller's grave, calm face than mere abstract thoughtfulness. Many a mental struggle, many a victory or defeat, was to be read in the deep lines on his rugged countenance, which, a trifle awe-inspiring when in repose, brightened when he smiled, as some frowning rock loses its gloom when bathed in sunlight.

There was, however, no suspicion of the autocrat in his manner, as he was introduced to

those invited to make his acquaintance. He chatted amiably to all, either in French or German, and listened with interest to those whose performances he had expressed a desire to hear. Then he sat down to the piano, a sweet-toned Broadwood, and played. First he gave his charming trifle 'Zur Guitarre.' Always a piece suitable to those possessed of any musical *esprit*, under his fingers it assumed quite another significance. It became a little poem both suggestive and delightful, and none felt the genius which could give a simple fragment such meaning more than those whose favourite it already was.

Hiller seemed quite surprised and delighted at the success of his first essay, and after much entreaty, to which he listened with a childlike deprecation and almost amusement, he gave some numbers of his *suite* 'Soldaten-leben.' Here the various incidents of a soldier's life are musically described. The sentry pacing in the lonely watches of the night ; the advancing and retreating patrol ; the call to arms ; the battle, etc.—the different scenes in these compositions

are marvellously suggested. Yet there is no suspicion of 'programme music.' All is in strict form. There is no more concession to popular taste than Sebastian Bach allowed himself when he tickled the ears with his *Suites* and 'Inventions.'

Afterwards came more entrancing pieces. When the little party broke up, its several members had waxed as enthusiastic as any Germans in Germany under similar circumstances.

Shortly after that evening, Hiller, by permission of the lady at whose house he was staying in Kensington, invited many that he wished to see, and, warmed by the presence of some of his most valued friends in England, he was heard at his best. On this occasion he introduced the writer to a charming lady and gifted musician of whom, he confided to her, he expected much—the lamented Mrs. Joseph Robinson of Dublin. As sweet-looking as she was clever, Mrs. Robinson's was a most attractive personality, and her sudden and tragic death must have been sad news for the veteran

composer when he heard it in 1879. Not only was Mrs. Robinson a deservedly appreciated pianist, but she was no insignificant composer, and her verses—for she was also a poetess—possessed the Irish wit and pathos which characterizes the literary productions of the children of Erin.

Hiller, indeed, possessed one of those sympathetic natures to whom their fellow-creatures are of the profoundest interest. Over the careers of his many pupils, especially, he watched with quite a paternal solicitude—asking news of them from time to time, and remembering the special characteristics of each one, and his ideas of what might be expected of him or her, with marvellous accuracy. To fellow-artists—even those from whose tenets he widely differed—he was uniformly kind, going out of his way to promote their interests, or to pursue some course which he considered might prove to be to their advantage. During his conversations with the writer, for instance, he took the trouble to elicit her opinions on musical training, and some time after his return to Cologne she

received the offer of a professorship from him, couched in the most delicate terms, and promising, if she accepted, that he, his family, and friends would soon teach her to forget that she was in some sort an exile. But this was only one instance among many. Ferdinand Hiller was, in truth, a father to young artists in general, and his death their irreparable loss.

CHAPTER XI.

The pianists of the sixties—Liszt in the forties—Liszt in the eighties—Clara Schumann and her husband—Schumann and the Henselts—Madame Schumann's playing—Her pupils—Alfred Jaëll—Herr Ernst Pauer—His arrival in England—His playing—The musician's life in London—Mr. Henry Broadwood and pianists—The Broadwood pianofortes.

THE first half of the nineteenth century may not have been so prolific in the production of musical talent as the second ; but those artists who rose to the surface of public life were richly endowed. Among many musical memories, the writer numbers hours spent listening to Henselt, Liszt, Thalberg, Clara Schumann, Goddard, Jaëll, Pauer, Hallé, Von Bülow, Planté, Lubeck, Ritter, and, above all, Rubinstein, among pianists ; and Joachim, Ernst,

Vieuxtemps, Sivori, Wieniawski, Becker, Blagrove, Ole Bull, Sainton, Alard, and others, among violinists. A brilliant galaxy—individually equalled by many artists now in their first prime, such as Paderewski and Sarasate, but distinguished by an individual unity of qualities which make each one stand out separate and alone in their hearers' recollections.

To those who can never hope to hear them—most of them having unhappily passed into the unknown and unknowable—a short *résumé* of their various personalities may have a certain interest.

Henselt's playing has been described at length. Liszt was not heard here when his powers were at their zenith. In 1843 he created some excitement when he played in public in London—a thin, gaunt, long-limbed man, who either affected a somewhat spectral appearance, or unconsciously suggested a singularity such as that of Paganini. His aim then seemed more to startle and to astound than to charm. With his grim features sternly set, his long hair flying, he flung his tightly-clad arms, with their

attenuated hands, wildly about the keyboard, eliciting a torrent of notes—showers of pearly sounds, doubtless, but sufficiently unlike the hitherto accepted styles first to confuse, then to almost alarm, the more sensitive among his audience. Nervous women became hysterical, and in some cases fainted. There was a certain Liszt fever among habitual concert-goers; but it was looked upon doubtfully by acknowledged authorities, so died out. Very different was the master when he was heard in London shortly before his death. A feeble, venerable old man, his touch was as magical as ever, his *technique* as exquisitely balanced as in his softer moments years before; but the fire and the extravagance were gone. It might have been Charles Hallé at his best, or one of his most faithful imitators among his pupils, such as Stavenhagen and the rest.

Many will treasure the remembrance of the great *soirée* given to afford the musicians of London an opportunity of closer acquaintance with a man who had a remarkable influence upon the music of the century. It was held

in the Grosvenor Gallery, where a brilliant crowd, numbering all the well-known musicians in London at the time, filled the galleries, and among them came the bent figure of the Abbé, his white-haired head bowed by time and devotion to his art. It was in truth a touching sight as he passed through the eager throng leaning on the arm of his faithful devotee, the late Mr. Walter Bache—gently recognizing those he already knew, and giving a kindly greeting to all who were introduced to him. Yet what a difference between Liszt in the forties and Liszt in the eighties! His playing then was all storm and stress; this was the calm of those who wend their way downhill, their faces to the sunset.

It is difficult to say in what the Liszt school of pianoforte-playing specially consists, but it has this peculiarity: while it is the medium *par excellence* for the achievement of every modern difficulty invented to confound those weakly in *physique*, it is adapted to the requirements of the most exacting of the classical composers. To the best followers of the method the latest

sonatas of Beethoven, for instance, are easily accessible, while the wildest passages of Chopin contain but few perplexities.

Thalberg, while his position of hand and wrist differed but very slightly from that adopted by Liszt, had originated a more arbitrary style ; while it led to perfection of *technique*, it was in a groove, and best fitted his own compositions, notably the now practically defunct fantasias. Smooth, glib, graceful, it was scarcely fitted for the performance of classical music, except where its nobler characteristics were maintained and all else discarded, as by Arabella Goddard. The player who most resembled Thalberg was Guglielmo Andreoli, the elder of the pianist brothers, who had been his pupil, and was essentially a fantasia-player. Our own Arabella Goddard having been already dwelt upon, the name which seems to follow those of Liszt and Thalberg in the list of celebrated pianists is that of Clara Schumann.

The daughter of a certain Friedrich Wieck, musician and professor—who was, by the way, by reason of his arbitrariness and *brusquerie*, very

unpopular among the younger German musicians of his day—Clara, a sweet girl as well as a born artist, appeared in Germany as a prodigy as early as in her twelfth year. So delightful was she later on, both as child-woman and *virtuoso*, that she turned the heads of most of the young men artists on her appearance in Weimar, notably that of the somewhat fantastic and exceedingly impassioned young composer, Robert Schumann. Old Mr. Wieck appears to have had some hard work in keeping his Clara's admirers at bay. Most of all he appears to have disliked Robert Schumann. But love seems to laugh at fathers, as it proverbially does at locksmiths. The fervid young genius touched Clara's heart. While remaining a dutiful daughter in all else, she allowed Robert Schumann to become secretly the one hero of her life.

The rough course of their mutual affection would form a most interesting page in the book of Cupid. For a long time Wieck remained obdurate, only relenting, if indeed he was ever really reconciled to his daughter's marriage, after it had taken place, and she was

wife of Robert Schumann beyond recall. The anxieties, hopes, fears, and final triumphant ecstasy of the most poetical of German composers is musically depicted in the more romantic of his works. The beautiful piano-forte quintet is, from its first passionate outburst of appeal to its final passages, suggestive of the joys of a lover's success and wedding-bells, as fine a love-poem as can be found in literature or music ; and the succession of variations *of* rather than *on* a theme confessedly written by Clara—the 'Davidsbündler'—deserves to rank with the admirable quintet as an erotic gem of the first water.

The names of Robert Schumann and his wife Clara are so indissolubly interwoven by the similarity of their gifts that it is impossible almost to speak of one without the other. When Clara became Frau Schumann her reputation was already considerable in other countries as well as in her own. Schumann also was fairly started on his career. But many were the heart-burnings, and constant the struggles, of the youthful couple. Clara was always brave,

cheerful, loving ; but her husband's mental powers were less evenly balanced. The troubles of married life, which only developed her moral excellence, embittered him. By degrees he became gloomier, his humour more uncertain and fitful, his tastes more eccentric and capricious. The life of the wife of a man threatened with mental aberration can be little else but a long, slow martyrdom. A greater crown is the due of Clara Schumann for her constant and unflagging attempts to keep the dread enemy that threatened her husband at bay, than for her lifelong devotion to her art. Grandly unselfish, she succeeded in maintaining a certain amount of sanity in her exacting spouse until the tendency defied poor human efforts. Robert Schumann died mad. But he had, according to those who knew him, been scarcely a responsible being for many years before.

Madame von Henselt, who had entertained the Schumanns in St. Petersburg, related many an anecdote of the fretful Robert's self-absorption and total disregard of his wife's well-being. One day, for instance, the Henselts drove them to see

a certain tower whence a fine view of the city and its environs is attainable. Robert, who was in one of his querulous moods, glanced up at the tower, and saying, 'Come, Clara,' took his place in the carriage again. 'I go not there ; it would make me *schwindlich*,' he growled to Madame von Henselt. 'But surely your wife will come?' she asked, as he pulled Clara's arm. 'Clara goes not where I cannot go,' he said crossly, and the obedient spouse murmured an apology to her hostess, and meekly resumed her seat at his side. Henselt, the most arbitrary and dictatorial of husbands, was greatly disgusted with Schumann for manifesting similar tendencies.

While 'dreeing her weird' as faithful slave to a genius, Clara Schumann's great qualities as a musician developed to their fullest extent. Gifted with all the attributes necessary for the making of a perfect pianist, she had music in her soul. It was her native language, in which her warm heart found utterance as well as her poetical mind. Then that superexcellent faculty of the true woman, the capacity to play second

to man, to be what woman was evidently meant to be, stood her in such good stead as the interpreter of the great composers. She could not help being original. Her tone, full, rich resonant, was peculiar to herself, and stood out alone among the tones produced by other great pianists. Her accent, rhythm, spirit, enthusiasm, would have been recognizable, had one heard her without seeing her. Yet she approached an interpretation with humble reverence for the composer's intentions, and her playing of Bach, Beethoven and the older classics was an experience never to be forgotten. Her phrasing was exquisite. To hear a melody played by Clara Schumann was to hear it as its utterance could hardly be equalled, certainly not surpassed, by the greatest among vocalists. Those who were lukewarm in their appreciation of the sonatas of Beethoven as pianoforte pieces waxed enthusiastic when they heard them at her hands.

Such a noble talent had the power of awakening, to a remarkable extent, musical gifts—perhaps hitherto dormant—in others. It was this faculty, among those necessary to a teacher,

which made her so successful in the training of young artists. Some of our best pianists at the present time were her pupils—notably Miss Fanny Davies, a worthy representative of the Schumann school.

A contemporary of Madame Schumann, who was heard at his best in Schumann's music, was Alfred Jaëll. A short, rotund man, with a countenance beaming with good humour, he was, in spite of his unwieldiness, full of life and energy. Life and energy indeed, as well as, on occasion, a certain amount of poetical feeling, were the chief attractions of his style. A drawback was the constant staccato of dwarfed, fat hands. Legato such as that common in the playing of Henselt, Thalberg, and Liszt was impossible to him. But the tone drawn from a concert grand by those same fat hands was unique. It was round, full, yet sweet and penetrating—the very biggest, fullest pianoforte tone to be heard at the time when tone in a pianist was a greater *desideratum* than it is now. After a brilliant career, Jaëll died in Paris in 1882, aged fifty.

Quite another species of player was represented by Hans von Bülow. His was essentially the strong, robust German style. His tone rang like steel, and was almost as hard. Arbitrary and unsympathetic, his playing claimed respect for its virtuosity rather than from any natural genius. He had evidently given devoted study to the works of the great masters, and was their faithful exponent according to his lights. Lubeck was a more genial, imaginative player in this unfascinating school.

Planté, Ritter — there were many *virtuosi* beginning their career when the Schumanns ‘flourished.’ It would take a long catalogue to enumerate them, but they might be classified as being of the genera headed by one or other of the great names which are writ large in the book of Time.

A pianist who—when he arrived in England early in the fifties—little dreamt, perhaps, that he had come to the island of fogs to stay, was Herr Ernst Pauer. In its initial stage his playing was magnificent. Fresh from the loom of years of hard, patient work, it was, while

perfect in *technique*, brilliant, passionate, an out-pouring of all shades of emotion from grave to gay. It had the *beauté de diable* which is the charm of youth. It was fascinating, exciting, yet satisfying. Playing at the house of Karl Mangold shortly after one of Henselt's visits—and to the same audience which had sat at the feet of that singular genius—Ernst Pauer enthralled those same hearers, and convinced them that he had any sort of career before him he might elect to choose. He chose. He would not be a wandering star travelling from city to city and country to country to receive the adulation of the musical faithful. He settled here in London, as we all know, and in a few years the youthful fire was gradually extinguished by the placid indifference of the then musical world, and his Muse veiled her face—he became the *virtuoso* and professor *par excellence*, and such has since remained.

London was not—can scarcely ever be—a city where musicians have leisure to live an artist life such as they live abroad, notably in the cities of the Conservatoires. Where money-

making has to be the first consideration, art is always on the wane—always fading, withering, needing strenuous exertions to keep it properly and wholesomely alive. Thus the danger to resident London artists that their first inspirations may be dimmed—that the commonplace atmosphere and matter-of-fact hard work may gradually kill the divine spark within them. We constantly hear of native or resident composers leaving town and ‘burying themselves’ in the country to write their works, and the fact is not astonishing.

Meanwhile, if the ‘artist life,’ the romantic Bohemianism of art, be wanting, there are compensations. Hard-working musicians may, and often do, succeed in making incomes double, and even treble the amount of the highest sum to be yearly netted in any other country. And English patrons are staunch, in some cases munificent. Their name is legion—but as they are mostly private individuals, it would be indiscreet to allude to them personally here. Meanwhile to one, lately deceased, reference should in justice be made when pianists are on the *tapis*.

This was the prominent member of a celebrated firm—Mr. Henry Broadwood.

Mr. Henry Broadwood, whose charming personality as a courtly, genial English gentleman will be ever a dear remembrance to artists and amateurs alike, was somewhat of a recluse—living the typical life of a country squire on his estate in Sussex (Lyne, near Horsham). Educated first at Harrow, then at Trinity College, Cambridge, his subsequent studentship at Heidelberg was a good prologue to his future relations with musicians, which were of a wide and generous character. One of the fourth generation of the renowned pianoforte-makers, he was possibly as solicitous in his regard for the instruments bearing his name as if he had himself been their inventor. They were constantly in his thoughts, one of the ‘leading motives’ of his life, and its first and most pressing care. To see him look at one of his pianos was a revelation of the inner life of the man. His glance told a whole history of hope, fear, pride, and subtle anxiety, as the gaze of a mother will tell when she fixes it upon a

child. And he seemed to recognize and distinguish the merits of each member of the large flock of splendid concert grands which thronged the rooms in Great Pulteney Street, as a shepherd knows his sheep. It is well known among pianoforte-players that if the later-invented instruments, such as Bechstein, Steinway, and others, are easier to play upon—effects being produced by the instrument almost as much as by the performer—the tone of a Broadwood grand remains unique and unapproachable. It may be more difficult to get at—in fact, it may be honestly said that it is ; but when it *is* got at, it stands alone among pianoforte-tone, as the tone of a Stradivarius stands alone among that of all other violins.

This tone was Mr. Henry Broadwood's delight, and to preserve it with jealous care was the aim of his life. His British common-sense telling him that it is impossible to better the best, he resolutely clung to the old rules and methods which had made the firm what it is, and resisted innovations. Should his successors continue conservative, the day will probably

come when the tone of pianofortes generally will degenerate into a glassy, steely, nondescript sound—which might be that of musical glasses or any other spurious instrument—except in the case of the Broadwood pianos, which among the pretty, brilliant tinkling which pleases audiences nowadays will continue to give out the rich, sonorous, true pianoforte tone for which the later classical music was written.

Among the first artist-friendships of Mr. Broadwood's was that with the English pianist and composer, Sterndale Bennett. Later on he was very intimate with James Davison, who greatly liked and admired him. To all pianists, irrespective of nationality, he was a good and kindly friend. Among these were Madame Schumann, Sir Charles Hallé, Herr Pauer, Madame Goddard, and many another.

Mr. Henry Broadwood was, as has been said, somewhat of a country recluse, his hobby being salmon-fishing; not, as in the case of Professor Ella, as a theme for table-talk, but as a real sportsman and lover of the gentle craft. He lived to a fair old age, to the last as keenly

interested in his pianofortes as ever ; and passed away at Lyne, after a lengthened illness, in July, 1893.

His funeral, in the pretty village churchyard of Rusper, near Lyne, was attended by all sorts and conditions of men who sincerely loved him. His family, personal friends, and tenantry from the neighbourhood mingled with his partners, employés, and workmen from town. One and all showed that they felt a common sorrow. But more than those assembled in God's acre that day regretted the death of a good and gifted man. His loss was felt, more or less, throughout the whole musical profession.

CHAPTER XII.

The violin and violinists—The sisters Milanollo—The sisters Ferni—Paganini—Joseph Joachim—Vieuxtemps and Ernst—Wieniawski—Jean Becker and Aloys Kettenus—Blagrove and Carrodus—Camillo Sivori—A winter at Nice—Sophie Cruvelli (the Vicomtesse de Vigier)—Artists at Nice—Amateurs at Nice—Various *soirées*—Collectors of stringed instruments—Captain Grindlay—The visitors—The doctors—Jeffrey Prowse—Magnanimity of a physician.

So much for the pianists. At the present time the king among wood instruments, the piano-forte, has a powerful rival in that which holds the position among 'strings' which the soprano has among vocalists—the violin.

Although the popularity of the violin as a playing instrument among amateurs, notably of the gentler sex, appears at first sight to be of very

recent date—some people asserting with confidence that there were few or no feminine players before the advent of Madame Norman-Néruda—the movement was initiated long ago, when the gifted prodigy, Teresa Milanollo, was a sensation of the hour in the forties. Maria Milanollo, her younger sister, played duets in public with her. But although Maria had great talent, Teresa was a genius. She played in all styles with insight and fervour, and those who frequently heard her declare her *technique* to have been equal to that of the greatest men players of the day.

The success of the Milanollos induced other gifted young girls to emulate them. The sisters Ferni (Carolina Ferni was afterwards a well-known singer in her own and other countries) were followed by other accomplished solo and duet players. Lady Hallé may be the most excellent among all the lady players, but she is not by any means the first to have distinguished herself in her enviable *métier*.

Of course, the brilliant list of great violinists is headed by Paganini, the [most eccentric if the

most unapproachable. As those who had the privilege of hearing the man who stands alone among violinists, even as Turner did among painters, are fast dying out, it would be interesting were a collection made of their reminiscences. At present, all we hear of the extraordinary genius is some stale anecdote now and again which deals with the idiosyncrasies of the human being, rather than with the salient characteristics of the artist.

But however extraordinary and inimitable Nicolo Paganini may have been—and, practically, those born after his too early death in 1840 have no means of knowing except by the scant records in the press and still scantier traditions—there is little doubt that while Joseph Joachim lives we have no reason to deplore that Paganini existed before our day. Artists and amateurs alike—whatever their bias may be, however much they may admire this or that great player—are bound to admit that Joachim stands alone and unsurpassed as musician and violinist combined. No one has ever equalled him in the interpretation of the

great works of the master-minds. While his tone and superb simplicity are unrivalled, his execution is uniformly perfect. The hearer is apt to fancy, while listening to him, that for him difficulties have never existed—the reward, doubtless, of a lifetime of hard work, in which only those with the highest and noblest gifts can persevere.

Joachim may be said, without misrepresentation, to occupy a unique position among *virtuosi*. After his name there comes a *hiatus*. Then may perhaps be bracketed the two distinctive players, Ernst and Vieuxtemps. Ernst had a pure style and a clear, penetrating tone; great facility in those highest flights of skill which confound even the cleverest executants, and passion, enthusiasm. In later years, however, his intonation was uncertain—a defect which marred his performances.

Vieuxtemps, who was born at Verviers in 1820, was first heard here when in his prime. He ‘led’ at the Monday Popular Concerts in their early days, but was also to be heard at the two Philharmonics, the Musical Society, and

other orchestral and chamber concerts. He was quite the lion of his first London seasons. Davison wrote enthusiastically about him in the *Times*, Chorley was amiable in the columns of the *Athenæum*, and the public applauded him liberally whenever and wherever he appeared. He may be said to have united the classical and *ad captandum* styles in a tactful and subtle manner of his own. If not as great as Joachim in the one, or emulating Paganini in the other, the very combination of the two gave him a power peculiarly his own. To the writer, he lacked the spontaneity of genius which at the present day gives Sarasate such an influence over his hearers. Meanwhile, his tone was singularly sweet, his phrasing remarkable, his grip of the work he was interpreting absolute. As a composer for his instrument he takes high rank, his concerto being a standard work.

After Vieuxtemps, the name of Wieniawski occurs as a natural sequence. Henri Wieniawski's playing was more that of natural genius than of the highest art. He excelled, naturally, in concerted music—such as Beethoven's quartets,

and other acknowledged *chefs-d'œuvre* in chamber music. He made great effects in the chief of the violin concertos. But he varied. He had his good and bad days, his moods and humours, the bane of genius which is not of the very loftiest calibre. Sometimes he would play little better than a second-rate artist of limited reputation, while at others he would excite his hearers to unbounded enthusiasm — and deservedly, for he would play like one inspired. Of Hebrew origin, his dark, pensive, melancholy face and slight, somewhat stooping form, his abstracted gaze and mysterious smile, reminded one forcibly of certain conceptions of the Redeemer by some of the old masters among the Spanish and Italian painters. In his best moments he was essentially a poet, and also essentially a player influenced by the passing emotions of the hour ; thus, his interpretations were rarely, if ever, twice alike, and while he had his almost fanatical admirers, he also had his severe critics. He died all too soon at Moscow in 1880, before he had attained the age of fifty.

These — Joachim, Ernst, Vieuxtemps, and

Wieniawski—may be said to be the chief among the many fine violin-players ‘flourishing’ in the sixties. There were others innumerable. Jean Becker, a true musician, introduced by Professor Ella, who surpassed his careful master, the violinist and composer, Aloys Kettenus, in public favour; Henry Blagrove, whose tone and *technique* had the breadth and purity of the English style, in which he had a worthy follower in the late Mr. Carrodus; and those who were the writer’s personal friends, Ole Bull and Camillo Sivori.

As a first London season in the early sixties contains the agreeable memory of Ole Bull, so a winter in the sunny South towards their end numbered pleasant hours spent in the society of a great favourite throughout the world—Camillo Sivori.

There can scarcely be a musical season in a Southern health-resort as musical seasons are in great cities. But among the beautiful towns of the Riviera in the last decade of the second French Empire, Nice was somewhat of an artistic centre. Artists ail, and need recuperation, even

more than less highly-strung people ; and Nice in the sixties—although less crowded with ordinary tourists, or would-be fortune-makers at Monte Carlo, than it is now—numbered many celebrities, musical and otherwise, among its winter population.

The majority of those who travel know the great white town on the banks of the Mediterranean : the marble villas bordering the Promenade Anglaise and its avenue of palms ; the grand sweep of bay, where the tideless sea ripples steely blue against an azure expanse of sky, or tosses in great gray waves against a still grayer mass of clouds ; the tiers of barren hills crowned by the round-backed Mont Chauve, sterile and forbidding even when bathed in the glory of the Southern sunlight ; and beyond, Antibes, stretching a long, meagre arm out into the sea. Everyone who has been there knows the beauty of the orange groves, with the golden fruit peeping out among the glossy dark leaves and waxen blossoms ; the weirdly-twisted olives studding the terraces and fields ; the rose hedges enclosing the tree-ferns, palms, and pepper-trees

of the Jardin Publique ; the motley crowd of gay French and Italians, bright Americans, and less excitable English ; Algerians in turban and sash-encircled robe ; Spaniards arrived from Biarritz ; here and there a staid and sober German, gazing with placid wonderment through his spectacles ; the gay and pretty carriages, with their peculiar breed of slim-legged, graceful horses, inbred with the Arab. Bells everywhere, as accompaniment to the slow swish of the oily waves upon the beach—church and cathedral bells, bells from the great, grim Franciscan convent on the hill, bells on the horses' net-covered, tossing heads. And, to enhance the stimulating influence of the scene, the glorious sunshine and the salt breeze laden with delicate perfume ; the light, invigorating air which, strengthened by its journey across the water, is yet freighted with the scent of roses, lemon and orange blossom, and in early spring with the white bean bloom, which is out in the fields upon the hillsides—the life-giving atmosphere which solaces the dying, and brings new powers to the convalescent.

On the slope between Nice and Villefranche was the gilded cage of a once-celebrated songstress. Sophie Kruwel (Italianized into Cruvelli), a young German girl possessed of a magnificent voice, a certain adaptability, and a grand physique, had studied in the Italian school, and made her *début* in Venice when she was two or three and twenty. Her success was almost immediate, and she was secured as prima donna by the *impresarios* of the several great opera-houses in Europe. In London she was, during the forties and early fifties, the fashion of the moment, possessing to the full that imperious personality which is a power in itself, and which among the unthinking carries all before it.

In 1856 the Baron (afterwards Vicomte) de Vigier fell in love with the robust German damsel. She succeeded in marrying him, as later on she succeeded in reducing him to an unheard-of docility. None but a husband who was obedience itself would have played *cavaliere servente* to his wife, as did the Vicomte in the sixties. Wherever his astonishing wife went, he

followed ; and his squireship was an onerous *rôle*, for the lady was activity itself.

She was quite a feature of the French Nice. Every day she wore a fresh *toilette*. Fair, tall, beautifully cosmetiqued and bewigged (the colour of the wig varied with the costume), she disputed the belleship of the season with the celebrated lady politician and remarkable woman, Madame Ratazzi. Every day the rivals walked or drove through the fashionable throng on the promenade, magnetizing the gaze of passers-by, while the object of the adulation of their crowds of toadies. What they had been overheard to say, how they looked, what they were, were the topics of conversation at the lesser hotels and *pensions*. There was not much going on at Nice at that time. The opera-house failed to attract—although occasionally the director placarded some wandering star who appeared for a few nights. The concerts at the pretty building on the shore, the Casino (since burnt down), were few and far between. The dances at the ‘Cercle’ were mostly in the afternoon. Madame la Vicomtesse de Vigier was

quite one of the daily amusements : one day dressed in one extravagant style, perhaps *à la* milkmaid, with a tiny Dolly Varden hat and a Watteau rustic costume ; the next *en grande tenue* in the loudest prevailing Parisian fashion, and wearing many of her splendid diamonds, and so on. Indeed, she was quite a little perpetual carnival of one.

The writer having been introduced to her by her old friend and patron, James Davison—who had helped to establish Cruvelli's popularity in London—was received by her in her villa on the hill. She lived in state. To reach the sanctum where she rested between her appearances in public—for, in her enforced retirement from the operatic stage, it really seemed as if her displays in daily life served her as pseudo-performances—one had to pass through Moorish corridors, the delicate tracery of whose arches—hung with a strange blue and silvery stuff, looped back here and there to show the fine sea-view—resembled those of certain courts of the Alhambra. Then came a Chinese hall, where strange monsters in china and bronze, and curious carved cabinets,

stood about the marble floor. The Vicomtesse sipped her morning Spanish chocolate dressed gorgeously in fanciful *peignoirs*, elegant caps coquettishly shrouding her own short hair. She was, in the intimacy of her boudoir, brusque and dictatorial. She had no false delicacy in speaking the truth, as she believed it to be. She had little faith in Niçois audiences.

‘Do you think they would come to my *concerts pour les pauvres* to help the poor creatures?’ she said once. ‘Do you think they would come if I sang like an archangel, if they had not the curiosity to hear Sophie Cruvelli, and to see what new *toilette* is worn by Madame de Vigier? Bah!’ And in her energy she kicked off her dainty slipper; and the Vicomte, standing gravely on the hearthrug in his quiet black morning dress, stuck his eyeglass in his eye, stooped, picked it up, and, with something akin to reverence, replaced it on her thick little German foot.

These concerts *pour les pauvres* were quite the musical occurrences *par excellence* of the season, and the best artists who were in any

part of the Riviera in search of health or for some other cause would come to Nice to take part in them.

These were more often instrumentalists than vocalists. Indeed, several great instrumental performers, notably Paganini, have breathed their last in the flowery city by the sea.

Resident at Nice—except, of course, for the summer months, when the town is shut up, and the stone walls and pavement are well-nigh incandescent—were several French and Italian instrumentalists, the best known here of whom was Carlo Andreoli, the younger of a clever pair of brothers. The sons of the organist of Mirandola, near Modena, they spent their boyhood alternately practising the piano and running barefoot about the chestnut woods, the flour of whose nuts made their daily bread. Early in youth they ‘toured’ through Italy as prodigies, often getting into scrapes, as on one occasion, when at a hotel, some stranger plied them with wine, and when the hour of their concert arrived, they were hopelessly asleep. Guglielmo, the elder, a tall, thin youth, with sunken cheeks,

brilliant black eyes, and a helmet of close curls which produced a woolly effect at a distance, made a success in London with his exquisitely-finished and poetical playing of Liszt, Thalberg, and other modern composers. He died at Nice—soon after it ceased to be the Italian Nizza—slipped out of life when lying in the open air, exhausted by consumption, listening longingly to the murmur of his beloved Mediterranean as it kissed the shore. His was the stronger spirit of the two. When his influence was removed, his younger brother chose to consider himself a classical player, and followed the established German school of Beethoven-playing. He descended to Mendelssohn, Chopin, and even Liszt. But he had abandoned the track on which his feet were set, and in consequence was really great in nothing.

Planté, then still in his retirement in the Pyrenees, came to Nice quite unexpectedly, and played in public *pour les pauvres*. His was a ruminative, profoundly thoughtful nature, and at that time it seemed quite an uncertainty to his friends whether he would remain the

servant of his beloved art, or entering some religious order would become a priest.

His playing has been alluded to. In all that was simplest and purest he most excelled. Mozart himself could scarcely have interpreted his own thoughts more exquisitely than Planté did at this epoch of his career.

There were many amateurs among resident Niçois as well as among French, English, and American winterers.

Among the aristocratic French, the Comte de Cessoles was a distinguished amateur violinist. He gave occasional *soirées* in his 'hotel,' where the scene—with the *salons* furnished in the First Empire style, and thronged with fair dames and demoiselles in the dress of the Second—was worthy of the pencil of a Watteau. Made-moiselle de Cessoles was a beautiful girl, who knew how to fit her costume to her surroundings. At these *soirées* any clever artist then in Nice was to be heard; the Comte de Cessoles himself would perhaps lead a quartet or play in some pianoforte trio or concerted piece; and although Beethoven was in evidence,

as in Paris, the audience would maintain a cheerful silence, and were not ostensibly bored. The Count possessed a fine musical library and a choice, if small, collection of violins.

But the collector of stringed instruments who could boast of a collection equal to that of any amateur in Europe was a certain Monsieur Gautier—a Niçois who, having considered himself an Italian until Nizza changed hands and became Nice, suffered from an unbroken sense of injury in finding himself a French subject.

He lived in a retired house in the ‘old town,’ where, in its centre, around the cathedral, the narrow streets abound in macaroni, polenta, and fish-sellers, and the overhanging eaves of the tall old houses shut in the odours, while excluding the sunshine. This house stood apart, with a small enclosed garden of orange-trees in front, and he and his collection and his curious old Niçois man-servant lived in the first-floor, while his younger and obsequious and devoted *avocat* brother occupied the remainder with his wife and family.

A short, broad little man, with close-cut grizzled hair, pale Roman features, and blue, suspicious eyes, Monsieur Gautier was a typical old bachelor in his tastes and dislikes. He had been Mayor under the Italian Government, and still maintained a stern and uncompromising attitude towards the usurped and rehabilitated Nice. ‘*This* is still, and will always be, Nizza,’ he would say, with a comprehensive wave of the hand indicating the truly Niçois quarter; and he would pass through the new town with a frown and a sneer on his compressed lips, his coat tightly buttoned, and nervously grasping his huge lined white cotton umbrella.

His beloved collection, which occupied a museum of its own, solaced even his outraged Italian feelings. He grew expansive, seated among his beloved instruments—which numbered more than one Stradivarius, one or two of Joseph Guarnerius’, as well as Amatis and others, and some ancient instruments, among them a lyre and a viol-di-gamba. Time evidently seemed at a standstill to him when he captured a fresh musician to inspect his treasures, and he

would sit, with the violin or viola resting on his knee, contemplating it with a fond if not a fatuous smile as he related its history and expatiated on its merits and qualities, until perchance some movement or glance of his less interested auditors would recall him to himself. The smile and temporary *abandon* would vanish, and he would grimly restore his cherished possession to its case or casket, and with quiet sarcasm curtail the remainder of the private view.

He was himself no mean fiddler, and a sound classical player. But nothing pleased him better than to play second to a professional violinist at his weekly musical evenings—which were frequented by nearly every artist visiting Nice, and by a select few amateurs who were, like himself, enthusiastic. These evenings were the happiness of his secluded *dilettante* existence. The long-tailed grand piano would be drawn out from the wall of the music-room, desks and suitable seats assembled in its bend; chairs arranged at a respectful distance for the audience, and wax candles placed carefully

where they would afford a soft yet sufficient light to the players. Then the privileged few would arrive and be received with an air of much ceremony and expectancy ; the artists and playing amateurs would take their places, and the programme of the evening, mostly chosen by the new-comer among the artists, would be gone through with a judicial gravity and earnestness, as if in some important public concert—with an interval, during which artists and audience adjourned to the *salle-à-manger* to be refreshed with *thé à l'Anglaise* (flavoured with vanilla), *sirops*, cakes, and on rare occasions liqueur or *café noir*.

When Sivori suddenly arrived and was brought by a brother artist, Monsieur Gautier was in the seventh heaven.

Camillo Sivori was a small, thin man, with a narrow, oval face, ordinary features, small, dark, kindly eyes, and a deprecatory smile. Unlike many among small-statured folk, he seemed to feel as lowly as he at first sight appeared. In the sixties he was already more than middle-aged, although still a bachelor. A public

favourite, who had only to be heard to excite his audiences to a fury of applause, he thought little or nothing of his powers, which, though vast for an intense and romantic executant of modern *tours de force*, seemed of little use to him in the works of classical composers.

He played the extravagant difficulties invented by Paganini—as if with diabolic ingenuity to circumvent his violinist successors—as mere bagatelles. The celebrated ‘Clochettes,’ which few of even the bolder executants attempt, the treatment of the harmonics being both extravagant and thankless, was quite one of his ordinary contributions to programmes. His tone was extraordinary—at one moment in the lower notes, rich and full as if he handled a mellow tenor or ‘cello; at the next pure and silvery in the topmost heights, where tone waxes thin until it disappears in the harmonics. Never the shadow of a false intonation, never the suggestion of a flaw in the most rapid, the wildest executive feats.

Yet he pooh-poohed these abnormal gifts of his, and looked distressed if they were eulogized.

‘People insist upon my playing these things,’ he would say, colouring and shrugging the slim shoulders which would not assume breadth, in spite of a loose thick coat. ‘What would you? Once please an audience with some popular piece, and you are bound to play it for ever! Yet for myself I would never play these trifles.’

He believed he had only to play the classic and ponderous, and he would be for ever exonerated from the performance of airy impossibilities such as the ‘Clochettes’ and other *mirabilia* expected from him. ‘For my own pleasure I should play Beethoven, and little else,’ he assured his friends.

‘He shall play what he pleases *here*,’ said Monsieur Gautier emphatically. And on the first Gautier evening of Sivori’s stay, when with much ceremony the priceless Stradivarius—which had been vainly begged of its possessor by most of the great fiddlers in turn—was placed in his hands, its proud owner entreated his renowned compatriot to choose the night’s entertainment.

The little man smiled, evidently gratified. Then as the assembled company—the *salle-à-*

manger was crowded as well as the music-room—sat still as mice, watching expectantly, the great red-bound volumes of classics were hauled out, and there was a whispered conversation between Sivori and Andreoli, the amateur violoncellist looking on with an interested smile. Leaves were turned over, there was discussion, dissension, the whispers became animated talk, and the host began to compare his watch with the clocks, when it was suddenly settled that the *pièce de résistance* of the evening should be the Grand Trio in B flat of Beethoven.

The three performers took their seats, Monsieur Gautier retreated to his privileged corner, and the trio began. At first it was merely a fair performance, somewhat timid—but soon Sivori's breadth of phrasing and beautiful tone told, and the first movement ended quite triumphantly.

'You see?' said the little man, nodding as he tuned his fiddle with the satisfied glee of a schoolboy. Then the slow movement began.

No sooner had the pianist struck the first few chords than Sivori looked round astonished. Still, he chimed in. However, the first subject

had hardly concluded before Andreoli stopped short.

‘I beg your pardon—I was playing in a wrong key,’ he exclaimed in confusion. ‘It was my fault ; I ought not to have joined in,’ said Sivori generously. There were mutual apologies, excuses, self - accusations, and the movement began afresh. But this time in the key in which it was written, furnishing an example of how accidents may happen unexpectedly to the best-regulated artists.

There was a simplicity and gaiety about Sivori, the holiday humour of a child out of school, which infected his companions. In the impromptu excursions into the mountains, wild-flower-picking in the olive plantations, strolls through the bean-fields on the hillsides, he laughed and talked until the dreariest of the little company cheered up and grew expansive. The little man was all goodwill and charity, and instinctively the whining beggars and importunate flower-girls knew it, and he was followed, persecuted, and pelted with tiny bouquets to that tiresome cry, ‘*V’la pour rien*,’ until the

sterner of the party drove them away. He would not hurt the feelings of the most brazen of the number, and would run back, distressed, to throw coins after his banished tormentors. In his graver moments he betrayed considerable knowledge of the world—which seemed to have shown its better aspect to his sympathetic nature, and which he spoke of as he might have spoken of some half-tamed monster, good in the main—which would act fairly if cajoled and stroked, yet which might turn and bite unless one were warily on guard. A natural musician, he was restless if many hours had elapsed since his loved fiddle was in his hands, and there was a look of almost relief on his quaint, pleasant face when he once more lifted his instrument from its soft silken bed.

Arrived at Nice for a brief rest between two concert-tours, the days and hours fled all too swiftly, and the time of enforced departure came as almost a surprise. He would fain have stayed, but was compelled to keep his engagements. He parted from his friends with a silent grip of the hand, and with tears in his eyes.

Another artist in a different and a greater art—that of literature—was then wintering in Cimiez ; and as his personality was one of supreme interest to everyone who came in contact with him, he must not pass without mention here.

Many of those who are reading these words will remember certain humorous so-called sporting papers in the early days of the weekly comic paper, *Fun*, signed ‘Nicholas.’ Nicholas was presumably a sad old boy in his way. He volunteered in his peculiar manner to initiate his readers into the mysteries of many things connected with sport and out-door games, but somehow wriggled out when the time for elucidation came. The old English game of ‘Knurr and Spell’ was chief among his unfulfilled promises. Yet, bad old man as Nicholas evidently was, everyone had a sneaking liking for him—little dreaming that behind the impersonation was a personality utterly different from the mendacious old tippler whose genial humour covered a multitude of sins.

The creator of ‘Nicholas’ was a certain

Jeffrey Prowse, one of the wittiest and most brilliant of the staff of writers who fill the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*. It would be well if his writings could be collected and published, sparkling with wit and redolent of the fulness of youthful vigour as they were—a virility of mind which was not accompanied by a corresponding physical strength. Very early in his promising career, ‘Jeff Prowse,’ as he was called by his friends, broke down in the first weakness of phthisis, and was sent to the Riviera, as special correspondent, by the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*.

Here he lived—up on the hill at Cimiez, where the colder winds cannot penetrate—in a curious old house standing in an old-fashioned Italian garden, then a *pension* kept by some English ladies who were very good to him. Here he penned those occasional articles ‘From our own Correspondent,’ relating the current news of the Riviera, the arrivals and departures, the musical performances, the balls, the Carnival; and here, in a long, low-ceiled *salle*, painted in the Italian manner to suggest a vineyard, the

writer, after the formalities of letters of introduction, made his acquaintance.

A slim, dark little man, with an open, clever face and brilliant brown or hazel eyes, he had the friendly, yet self-disparaging, almost shy manners which so often accompany great talent. His voice was husky—a bad sign in his disease—and his cough persistent. Yet, as the interview proceeded, he soon expanded into the cheery, witty companion beloved of his many friends. He was eagerly awaiting the doctor's permission to 'go down into town,' an excursion he was only allowed when the winds were *not* out.

The season was a bland one, and many afterwards were the drives and excursions brightened by the presence of the brilliant invalid. He had a quiet, unassuming way of drawing people out, and they seldom suspected that they were under cross-examination by a humorist until some chance remark set them first wondering, then laughing. He had a painter's appreciation of the beauties of Nature, a musician's enjoyment of music, and withal the fund of caustic wit which lay almost too ready to hand—but in spite

of which his was the gentlest of natures, and the most compassionate to others.

It is naturally somewhat of a melancholy experience to one making a flourishing convalescence, to be the companion of another who is daily, hourly sinking into the grave, without the shadow of a hope of improvement.

A bright and courageous invalid was Jeffrey Prowse. Still, he was then, months before the end, unable fully to enjoy the lovely air, the bright sunshine, the glorious sea and sky, the carpet of flowers. Even dainties, too, were distasteful to him, and his walking powers had left him for ever. Hectic fever had set in, and from this he would suffer an access now and then, which confined him to his room. He described his nights' entertainments with comic enjoyment—how, when delirious, his far-away friends would appear, and, while rallying or scolding him, would possess themselves mockingly of his purse and valuables, letters and papers, and rush off, waving them at him, while he was too weak to remonstrate. Instead of complaining of his sufferings, he laughed at them. Cheerful he

remained, and on the alert for sly quips and quirks anent the topics or the incidents of the passing hour.

The last occasion on which he was well enough to come 'down into town' will ever be a vivid recollection of the writer's. He came to luncheon, swathed in a big plaid in Scottish fashion; and afterwards there was a drive into the mountains to see a well-known market-garden, whose proprietor boasted of having discovered new plants which would take the place of certain mineral products in chemistry.

The garden was an interesting one, and its owner seemed to consider it the principal feature of the Riviera. Discovering the fact that his visitor was a British journalist, he insisted on showing him all his 'discoveries,' notably a field of waving green something, which looked like coarse young wheat, but which he called 'bromine.' The writer was a little surprised at the solemn acceptance by Jeff Prowse of the rodomontade of the market-gardener, and on the homeward drive made a remark that he must have felt his patience somewhat exhausted.

‘Poor man! it amused him, and did me no harm,’ he said innocently. A few days later the ‘bromine’ amused more than its pseudo-inventor, forming part of one of the dry, humorous letters ‘From our own Correspondent’ in the *Daily Telegraph*.

After that, Nice saw Jeffrey Prowse no more until after the writer had followed in the wake of the homegoers. Many months later, on a foggy winter afternoon, crossing a suburban road, she came suddenly upon a marble tombstone, leaning up against the railing of a stonemason’s yard. It seemed to confront her suddenly, in almost ghostly fashion: ‘In Loving Memory of Jeffrey Prowse. . . . Erected by his Fellow-workers.’

Distance had allowed the news of his death to reach a friend in this strange and gruesome fashion, which, could he have foreseen it, he would certainly have made the subject of one of his grave yet grimly-playful sayings, his gentle ironies on the theme of our passage life.

* * * * *

Many another familiar personality in that

little winter lifetime of thirty years ago comes flocking into the bright picture, whose background was mountain, sea, and sky. Of English amateurs, there were many whose true feeling for the art and goodness to artists are grateful memories.

The 'father' of the British residents was a fine old English gentleman, Captain Grindlay, the retired chief of the well-known East India firm. Although eighty years of age or more, and troubled with deafness, he took an active interest in everything that was on foot to promote the cheerfulness of the English colony, both the *habitués* and the chance visitors. He lived with his aged sister, Madame Imbert, in a pretty house, where the Anglo-Indian and modern French styles blended and made up a picturesque 'interior.' From the first, he took the writer and her little family under his wing, escorting her everywhere in his carriage, and introducing her to everyone worth knowing. Weak, tottering as he was, he would never hear the word 'fatigue,' but after a day's driving about, visiting and shopping, would repair

gallantly to dinner or evening party, as the case might be, to watch the interests of the new *protégée*, who was only one of a long list of those who had enjoyed his generous friendship.

There was the Viscountess Combermere, a *dilettante* musician of a good old school ; Mrs. Charlton—sister of Mr. John Walter of the *Times*—a pupil of Thalberg whose playing resembled her master's ; a sweet old dame, Mrs. Hope, who was as much a mother to the convalescent writer as Captain Grindlay was a father ; Mr. and Mrs. Archdeckne, the well-known art-patrons, who occupied a suite of rooms in one of the largest hotels each winter and gave musical *soirées* ; and others too numerous to mention. Among Americans, there was the Baroness de Hoffmann ; Mrs. Evans—whose husband was of such signal service to the Empress Eugénie when she suddenly left Paris one memorable day some years later, after the catastrophe of Sedan—and others.

The doctors sowed their kindnesses broadcast. There was naturally a certain amount of rivalry among them, because human nature will assert

itself, and the warmth of Southern surroundings is distinctly adverse to a stony impassibility. When the diphtheria epidemic set in shortly after Christmas, with such dire results in some cases that there was almost a panic among the visitors, the writer was attacked; and when good nursing was impossible, a certain Dr. Travis—an old gentleman who had almost retired from practice through delicate health—offered himself to the doctor attending the writer, between which popular physician and himself relations had of late been somewhat strained, to remain in the hotel and watch the case—which had assumed a critical aspect—under his orders. With death threatening a worker's life, feuds, coldness, all petty worldly cobwebs, were swept away. True character showed, and it was of the highest.

Many a time in a chequered career has the writer, humanly speaking, owed her life to some fellow-creature—and in the experience of most artists there are innumerable instances of a similar kind. It is a certain fact that an artist has only to seek strangers to find friends. He

has simply, as it were, to close his eyes and hold out his hand to find it in some powerful grasp which will lead him out of his slough of despond, if so it is, into pleasant pastures.

CHAPTER XIII.

English composers in mid-century — Michael Balfe —
 Vincent Wallace—John Barnett and his relations—
 Sterndale Bennett—Sir Arthur Sullivan—Mr. F. H.
 Cowen—Conclusion.

WHEN the musical history of the nineteenth century comes to be written, it will be found that England has therein produced some remarkable composers of literally world-wide renown. In fact, truth compels the reluctant admission that at this very day—if one wishes to hear the compositions of those born earlier in the century, such as Balfe, Wallace, and others—one can best do so out of one's native country.

Balfe and Wallace were recognized abroad as composers of eminence from their very

beginning. Their claims to European popularity may be briefly enumerated.

Michael Balfe was of Irish extraction, being born at Limerick in 1808. His precocious talent induced his teacher, O'Rourke, to bring him out as a prodigy at eight years of age. This astonishing infant actually composed in his tender years a ballad entitled 'A Lover's Mistake,' which was sung by Madame Vestris in 'Paul Pry.' After this ebullition of precocity, the boy appears to have calmed down into a faithful student of the violin, and we find him at sixteen studying composition under C. F. Horn, the organist of St. George's Chapel, Windsor. A year later he proceeded to Rome, where he continued his contrapuntal apprenticeship under that Federici who was afterwards head of the Milan Conservatoire. Two years later was penned his first and somewhat unambitious work, the ballet of 'La Perouse.' He had a good baritone voice, and, with his artistic gifts, it is not astonishing to find that Rossini, provided that he consented to be prepared by the well-known voice-trainer, Bordogni,

offered to bring him out in Italian opera in Paris.

At twenty his operatic career began. He made his *début* in Paris as Figaro, then became principal baritone at Palermo. But at Palermo his creative talent asserted itself, and in the brief space of twenty days he wrote his first opera, 'I Rivali di se stessi.' His English career began when he was six or seven and twenty. After singing for a season in public and private, he plunged boldly into composition, and produced opera after opera, sometimes taking the baritone parts he had himself constructed. Then he dabbled in management, burnt his fingers in the production of English opera at the Lyceum, and repaired, disconsolate, to Paris—where he remained to write and successfully produce two operas.

There must have been a certain bitterness in being uniformly more successful in foreign countries than in his own. That he was so is a fact. While pleasing the exacting audiences of Vienna and Paris, the 'National Concerts' he conducted in London at Her Majesty's Theatre

were a failure. Yet he repeatedly returned to England to try his luck—coldly though his mother-country looked upon her gifted son—crowned with alien laurels, the decorations he wore having been placed upon his breast by the hands of foreign potentates.

About thirty or more operas were written by him in some score of years. Beginning with the 'Rivali' and 'Enrico IV.,' the 'Siege of Rochelle' and 'Maid of Artois' were succeeded by 'Catherine Grey' and 'Joan of Arc.' 'Diadeste' preceded 'Keolanthé' (produced at the Lyceum Theatre in 1840). In 1843 'Les Puits d'Amour' was produced in Paris, and after writing the 'Quatre Fils d'Aymon' and bringing out the successful 'Bohemian Girl,' he proceeded steadily with a long list, comprising the more or less celebrated works—'The Daughter of St. Mark,' 'Seville,' 'The Bondsman,' 'Maid of Honour,' 'Sicilian Bride,' 'Rose of Castile,' 'Satanella,' 'Bianca,' 'Puritan's Daughter,' 'Armourer of Nantes,' 'Blanche de Nevers,' 'Sleeping Queen,' and his final opera, 'The Knight of the Leopard,' which, four years

after his death in 1870 at Rowney Abbey, Hertfordshire, was produced at Drury Lane in Italian as 'Il Talismano.'

Ever melodious, with any amount of grace in his treatment of his subjects, Balfe's mellifluous music has had its rival in that of Vincent Wallace.

William Vincent Wallace was, as his name would suggest, of Scotch parentage. But he was of Irish birth, having come into the world in the year 1814 in Waterford. His father was engaged later for the orchestra of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, in which band his young sons took part, Vincent playing violin, and his brother the flute. Vincent's first stirring experience was his hearing Paganini play at the Dublin Musical Festival in 1831. He had himself previously appeared in public, but the real awakening of his talent was when he first heard the extraordinary genius who was at once the delight and despair of aspirants. He flung himself almost wildly into work, and after two or three years, when he was about one-and-twenty, he left his country for Australia. From

thence he proceeded to Tasmania and New Zealand, then took it into his head to visit other climes. The East Indies, Nepaul, Cashmere, Valparaiso, Buenos Ayres, Havana, Vera Cruz, Mexico, were the scenes of many of his musical exploits and more or less romantic adventures. We are unaware if any autobiographical catalogue of his experiences exists, but if so, it would make fascinating reading. It was after this bold enterprise that his enthusiasm found another and perhaps a nobler channel in musical composition. He wrote his *chefs-d'œuvre* 'Maritana' and 'Matilda of Hungary.' Then, two years later, he went to Germany, where his claims to be reckoned a melodious composer of the first rank were at once acknowledged, and where his music is still in universal use in concert and other programmes. Meanwhile, he was not an abider in cities, but a confirmed wanderer. In 1850 he was in New York, one of the principal partners in a piano factory, which speedily came to grief, he having shortly before narrowly escaped death in a steamboat explosion. Only

in 1853 did London see him again, and not then for very long. 'Lurline,' the 'Amber Witch,' and the 'Desert Flower' are the most popular of a long list of his operas.

In the invention of melodies he was supreme. The purity, the scope, the rhythm of some of his themes are not surpassed by any composer of any epoch. His wild and restless life was against his rising to any altitude as a harmonist, as science lives in the study rather than in the prairie or jungle; and his passion for wandering was against his happiness in domesticity, his attempts in that line having scarcely promoted the well-being of either others or himself. But, as a sweet songster whose ideas seem to have gushed fresh from the natural founts of inspiration, he will be remembered when many of the more heavily-freighted writers live only in the obscurity of libraries.

Another gifted Briton whose principal life-work has an abiding-place in European *répertoires* is Meyerbeer's cousin in music as well as in blood—John Barnett, the composer of the 'Mountain Sylph.'

Of both German and Hungarian extraction (his father, Bernhard Beer, being a member of the celebrated Prussian family, his mother a Hungarian lady), his gifts show the depth of the one nation and the originality of the other ; and born in England, where his name was Anglicized into Barnett, the calm and method of his mother-country seemed to lend solidity and balance to the musical talent which he showed in almost infancy.

As a tiny boy, young Barnett sang like a bird, while he showed such quickness of perception and adaptability of resource that when he was a lad of eleven he made his *début* in public at the Lyceum as Dick in the 'Shipwreck.' Such early publicity militates against study. Yet the boy was one of the highly-strung, hypersensitive creatures who learn every minute—ay, every moment—of their waking hours, either wearing themselves out and collapsing, if their physique is not up to the demands made upon it, or arriving at manhood living storehouses of every sort and kind of knowledge. Between his performances young

Barnett had lessons from many different masters: Ferdinand . Ries, Sexto Perez, Kalkbrenner, for pianoforte ; William Horsley and Xavier Schneider, of Frankfort, in composition. Only when his voice broke and changed did the bent of his genius display itself, and the erstwhile singer and dramatic artist begin to produce such works as 'Charles the Twelfth,' 'The Carnival of Naples,' 'Fair Rosamond,' 'Kathleen' (to Sheridan Knowles' libretto), and that which will possibly remain his representative work, although there are important manuscripts of his still unheard and unjudged by the public—the 'Mountain Sylph.'

This romantic and poetical opera, whose libretto was written by Mr. J. Thackeray (cousin to the renowned novelist), was produced at the Lyceum in 1834, and at once established its composer as a man of mark. Little though its numbers are heard amongst us now, in other countries audiences know its charming themes and graceful modulations well. Its introduction was followed by the production of 'Fair Rosamond' and 'Farinell' (in which

Michael Balfe took the principal character). Then, having married a wife—the daughter of the famous violoncellist, Robert Lindley—Mr. Barnett turned his thoughts to an income-making which can scarcely attend the career of an operatic composer devoted to art alone, and retired to a teaching life at Cheltenham.

But in his quiet home, some distance from the town, on one of the lovely Cotswold Hills, he has been a diligent worker. Many more or less important manuscripts survive him, and sooner or later are bound to be heard and appreciated—establishing their author on a far higher pinnacle than that at present awarded him by a country ignorant of his claims upon it. Perhaps those music students who are now first beginning to realize that, although English, there is music within them to be unearthed by their own efforts, will be the producers of England's store of hidden works in a happier future. There is little doubt that English music lies buried in cupboards and on shelves which is a mine of unknown wealth. May the twentieth century see it disinterred and established by coming

musicians who are, perhaps, still babbling their infant songs like the young birds at dawn of day—unconscious of an important future.

The family of Beer have given more than one or two valuable followers to the art. The agreeable composer and established pianist, Mr. John Francis Barnett, and the graceful player, Miss Emma Barnett, are related to the composer of the 'Mountain Sylph.' But the many and varied qualities which are conspicuous in his writings have directly descended to his two daughters—who before their marriage pursued a short but successful career as the 'Sisters Doria,' vocalists who rivalled the 'Sisters Marchisio' in the perfection of their duet-singing. Of these two ladies, the charming singer married to Mr. R. E. Francillon, the well-known writer, has also inherited a certain spontaneous genius for composition. Her songs possess a peculiar individuality which may perhaps be a Hungarian inheritance, but which has the singular fascination of Hungarian music, all the more delightful because it is unconscious. Mrs. Francillon has the gift of producing a musical

replica of whatever poem—and she only chooses poetry, not verse—she selects. Some of her manuscripts are published, but she has still to make the public acquainted with her as a new English composer of the end of the century.

Before passing to the acknowledged stars of the present, reference must be made to another eminent composer whose music also takes far higher rank abroad than at home—Sterndale Bennett.

In some of the foreign biographical dictionaries Sterndale Bennett is credited with being the composer of the ‘Mountain Sylph,’ an error which should be corrected.

As most of us know, he was at his best as a composer for his own instrument, the pianoforte—although his ‘Symphony in G minor,’ his ‘May Queen,’ his ‘Ajax,’ and the charming overtures to the ‘Naiads,’ ‘Parisina,’ ‘Paradise and the Peri,’ and the ‘Wood-nymphs’ (through which title the confounding him with Barnett doubtless arose), are familiar to concert-goers. His oratorio, too, the ‘Woman of Samaria,’ is a representative work. But it is in his *concerti*,

chamber music, and many pianoforte pieces that his gifts are displayed to the fullest advantage. Melodious, pathetic, thoughtful in the main, in all the delicacy of detail calculated to exhibit a player to the highest degree, they excel—and the passages are, compared with those of the finger-racking modern schools, wonderfully under the hand as it naturally falls upon the keyboard, and therefore easy to execute.

The son of an organist, as, curiously enough, so many distinguished instrumentalists have been, he was born at Sheffield. But his father died when he was three years old, and he was transplanted to Cambridge—the home of his grandparents—where at eight years of age he began to sing in the choir of King's College Chapel. Two years later he was studying composition under Lucas and Dr. Crotch, and the pianoforte under Holmes and Cipriani Potter in the Royal Academy in Tenterden Street. He was then only ten years old, young indeed for serious study ; but so earnestly did he pursue his art, so entire was his devotion to his lifework, that when he was a stripling of seventeen he played

his recently-composed Concerto in D minor at the prize concert at the Academy. Such feats rival those related of the very greatest world-renowned musicians ; and it is not astonishing to find one who was present, and who had himself been a still more precocious genius, Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, recognizing a kindred spirit in the ambitious youth. Doubtless his was not a mere passing recognition. In any case, a year or two later the Messrs. Broadwood offered to send the young man to Leipzig at their own expense. At this nursery of musical talent Bennett came under the influence of Robert Schumann as well as of Mendelssohn, and these very different minds agreed in their estimate of his gifts. After a second visit to Leipzig, he began his English career in 1843, playing in public, composing, and teaching. His pupils agree in their respect for his teaching powers ; but although plunged in tuition, founding the Bach Society, conducting the Philharmonic Concerts, and constantly being heard in public, he continued, almost incessantly, to compose—a fact the long list of his many fine

works bears witness to. His *concerti* in D minor, F minor, E flat, and C minor; his sextet, trio, studies, romances, 'sketches,' *suites de pièces*, are only his contributions to the literature of his instrument. His oratorio the 'Woman of Samaria,' his 'Symphony in G minor,' and other vocal and orchestral works, were also born to live.

For many years he was principal of the Royal Academy of Music. But towards the close of his life—he died in 1875—his health declined, as the health of those overworked in their growing years inevitably will. Mild, yet firm, there was the absence of tempestuous passion in his personality which is conspicuous in his works. There is a faint resemblance in his portraits to those of Chopin, Weber and Mendelssohn. Musicians, especially creative musicians, sometimes have this slight, indefinable family likeness to each other, more in contour and expression than in feature.

The foregoing were some of the conspicuous composers in the mid-century. Paramount among those born some decades later is Sir

Arthur Sullivan. Like to his predecessors, his career began modestly enough. Born in London in 1842, he was entered at the Royal Academy at the age of fourteen, after he had been a chorister under Helmore in the Chapel Royal. Pupil in Tenterden Street of Goss and Bennett, at Leipzig—where his studentship was a brilliant one—he had lessons of Plaidy, Moscheles, Richter, Rietz, and Hauptmann. That he was diffident of his powers is shown by his accepting the position of organist at St. Michael's, Chester Square, and later on conducting the music at St. Peter's, Onslow Gardens, and the band at the Royal Aquarium.

Yet his 'Tempest' music had set the public raving and the critics prophesying. His pen was eagerly watched. Nor, though he has occupied himself in the ordinary walks of musical life, has he disappointed his admirers. Masterpiece after masterpiece has been given by him—literally, to the world : for his compatriots are not his most enthusiastic admirers ; in Germany, for instance, his name in programmes is a *sine quâ non*. His delightful operas—why,

by the way, does the 'Sapphire Necklace' remain unheard?—are only one branch of his versatile genius. His oratorios, 'The Light of the World,' 'The Prodigal Son,' 'The Martyr of Antioch;' his cantatas, 'Kenilworth,' 'On Shore and Sea,' 'The Golden Legend,' etc.; his 'In Memoriam,' 'Symphony in C,' and last, but not least, his wonderful inspiration, 'The Tempest,' are, among many others, fresh in the public memory.

Let us hope that Sir Arthur will not rest on his laurels, and that many a future triumph of his has still to be recorded.

Many honourable names among British composers come flocking to the mind at this juncture, but as they do not belong strictly to the era alluded to above, must be reluctantly relegated to some future recorder of our musical progress. One, however, may have a cursory mention as having begun his successful career in the sixties, Mr. F. H. Cowen. Then, a brilliant lad—to whom everything in and connected with his art seemed second nature—he was in the first throes of musical creation,

after astonishing the Leipzig professors and earning the nickname of 'the Beethoven boy' (*der Beethoven Bube*). Mr. Cowen's music has an originality which is perhaps most pronounced in his beautiful cantata, 'The Sleeping Beauty,' and his exquisite orchestral *morceaux* 'The Language of Flowers.'

* * * * *

A parting word at the end of a musical life to those who are still at its beginning.

The career of an artist seems bright enough. The world smiles upon the gifted. Friends abound. There is much good-fellowship among those of the same craft, and the applause of the many sounds sweet to the ears.

But this is reaping a harvest which is only sown in one way—by hard and constant work. And this work must not be half-hearted or desponding. The initial step to be taken when one is enrolled as a follower of any art is to make a great act of renunciation. Everything has to be sacrificed by the art-student. Relations, friends, society, friendly gatherings, visits—all must be sternly put aside. He must

rise for work, and at early hours indeed; for his work he must arrange his days, and order his life. And this must be the rule—*work alone*—every week of the month, every month of the whole year.

Let him slacken, and weary, and chafe, and he is bound to fail. Art will have none of him—be his the most brilliant genius ever born into the world.

Let him work diligently for a time, and then halt to recruit himself, and he has practically lost the race. *Ars longa, vita brevis*. The longest life, or part of a life, which can be spent in the service of an art, is all too short.

Then, the road to be followed is monotonous and dull, and from the beginning to the end its milestones are failures and disappointments.

The student may plod steadily on under guidance—or alone. If in leading-strings under a teacher, he will constantly fail to satisfy his master. If alone, he will—on the very brink of what appears to be success—have some sudden and to him inexplicable downfalls.

Why? Experience answers the same to all :

because we do not climb to excellence by our successes, but by our failures.

Our failures are our real masters : they teach us what we should and could learn in no other way. Examine as many lives of the successful as you please: they all tell that story, ever ancient, but ever new to the uninitiated. Failure is the test of fitness, not success ; for the unfit drop away discouraged, the eligible persevere.

The climb to perfection in anything is a slippery and dangerous one. Those who think of aught but the safest spot where next to plant their footsteps have frequent falls.

But in any case the falls must come. No term of study was ever yet concluded without them. No artist ever obtained a crown without bitter and cruel disappointments. And the greater the powers of the artist, the more intense his efforts to give them a medium of expression, the more crushing his rebuffs.

There will be hours when all seems lost ; when there seems no hope anywhere, within or without ; when, numbed and paralyzed by

defeat, the human being seems a poor lump of flesh, a mere mass of dumb, blank suffering.

And the hour when this happens is the hour when he holds his life practically in his own hands—when he can mould it almost as he pleases. For if he can rise up and go on as if nothing had happened—if he can begin again as if there had been no past—he has practically conquered the world.

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